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The
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POEMS,

BY

PETER BAYLEY, JUN. ESQ.

Χρη δε συγγνωμην εχειν
Ει τις σ' ὑφ' ἡβης σπλαγχνον εντονον φερων
Ματαια βαζει. EURIPIDES.

PHILADELPHIA,

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER,

FOR J. CONRAD & CO. 30, CHESNUT-STREET, PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. 138, MARKET-STREET, BALTIMORE; RAPIN, CONRAD, & CO. WASHINGTON; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

1804.

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1899.

PREFACE.

PREFACES are generally intended to answer a twofold purpose....to apologize for the errors of a work, or for its publication; and to deprecate the severity of critics.

Thus a preface is but the acknowledgment of a fraud committed by the writer upon the purchaser of his book....an apology for having entrapped the reader into the purchase of that which is unworthy of the price paid for it.

Youth and indiscretion are efficacious apologies, only so long as the works over which they are pretended remain fast in the escritoir of their author, or confined within the circle of his friends. Although

they may defend the writer, they furnish additional food for reprehension in the publisher; and if any thing can add to his fault it is the meanness and absurdity of attempting to associate to himself the critic as a partner in the cheat.

The following pages, then, are offered to the Public without an apology, from a perfect conviction in their author that, if in themselves they are bad, he should but render himself more highly culpable by offering for them a lame excuse.

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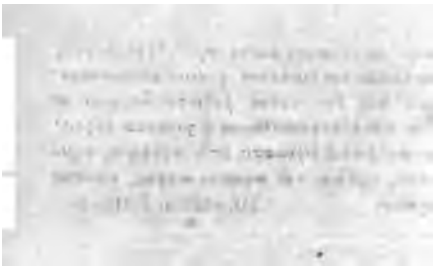
AN

APOLOGY FOR WRITING.

Ει μεν περι καινου τινος πραγματος προυτιθετο λεγειν, επισχων αν ἑως οἱ πλειστοι των ειωθοτων γνωμην απεφηναντο· ει μεν ηρεσκε τι μοι των ὑπο τουτων ῥηθεντων ἡσυχιαν αν ηγον· ει δε μη, τοτ' αν και αυτος επειρωμην ἁ γινωσκω λεγειν· επειδαν δε περι ὡν πολλακις ειρηκασιν ὑτοι προτερον, συμβαινει και νυνι σκοπειν, ηγουμαι και πρωτος αναστας, εικοτως αν συγγνωμης τυγχανειν. DEMOSTH. PHIL. I.



AN

APOLOGY FOR WRITING.

F. WHAT! can you think the world will read
your lays,
Or, if it reads them, e'er accord its praise?
Are there not myriads, fools that haunt the town,
And strive to cram their vapid nothings down,
That you must join the irritable throng,
Squeeze out your weekly sonnet, ode, or song;
Or scribble an epistle that will lie
Unread at best, p'rhaps line a trunk with Pye,
Or mingle with Scotch Letters by a Lord,
Wrapt round red herrings on a huxter's board?

A. Nay, spare your censures. If the town can bear
Pratt's dogs, that mourn with lank dishevelled hair,[a]

[a] If any one wishes to know how a dog may *dip his morsel in vinegar!* let him consult Mr. Pratt, who, if any thing can do it, will make him exclaim,

"By day and night, but this is wonderous strange!"

Cats, and canary-birds, and tales of woe,
That outwhine all the pupils of Rousseau;
If all the maudlin sonnetteers that weep
Cock-chaffers, lap-dogs, jackasses and sheep,
A frog, crushed caterpillar, or a fly,
If these can find admirers, may not I?

F. Why, 'faith, 'tis doubtful.

A. I may trust, I think,
The known omnipotence of jetty ink;
And now since honest folks, when books they buy,
Choose them or by the finger or the eye;
Now, since a work with creamy paper graced,
With sure success lays claim to wit and taste,
Since hot-pressed pages give the best pretence
To force, to genius, judgment, and sound sense,
Bulmer shall be my printer, every line
On wire-wove foolscap, or bright crown, shall shine;
High-wrought vignettes my title-page shall grace,
And Pybus, quite outdone, shall hide his face;[a]

a See (if you have five guineas to throw away) "The Sovereign," a poem, by Charles Small Pybus, Esquire, M. P. and one of the lords commissioners of the treasury, in which our gracious sovereign is compared to his late imperial and ever-memorable majesty Paul.

Pybus, whom jealous indignation fired,
When first he marked how every art conspired
To deck our honoured Shakspeare's matchless page:
But soon to emulation turned his rage,
And "Yes," he cried, "the Alderman shall see [a]
"That I can be magnificent as he:
"Superb my book shall blaze before the town,
"And Shakspeare's self shall yield to me the crown."

F. Nay, if you're willing to quit all pretence
To judgment, reason, and to common sense;
If you are pleased your verses should be seen
Mixt with ænigmas on a medley skreen;
If this suffices, and you think this fame,
Write on, and welcome, write, in Folly's name.

A. 'Tis true I am not one whose fertile brain,
With bare six weeks' gestation, without pain,
Drops a mis-shapen mass, half verse, half prose,[b]
To blot his country's name, to laud her foes;

[a] "*The Alderman*"....Boydell.

[b] Bienheureux Scuderi! dont la fertile plume
Peut tous les mois sans piene enfanter un volume!
BOILEAU, SAT. II.

Then bids the thing in new editions take
Some faint resemblance to the epic make!
Aping the labours of the mother bear,
Who licks, 'tis said, with fond and pious care,
Her unformed offspring, till its limbs receive
All the proportions that a bear can give.
'Tis true my lips ne'er touched Castalia's stream,[a]
Nor did I ever on Parnassus dream,
Nor ever wished: I supplicate no Muse
To stimulate my fancy, to infuse
Spirit and energy, to fire my brain,
Or quicken my reluctant lagging strain;

I shall not attempt to deny that the poem here alluded to abounds in descriptive passages which are entitled to approbation; but I confess myself to be so far confined by narrow and illiberal prejudices, as by some persons they are termed, as to look with no applauding eye upon the spirit of a work manifestly tending to place the national character in an unfavourable point of view, and to exalt, at its expence, a power with which, when that poem was published, this country was engaged in a most grievous and destructive war. I should be sorry to join those who say, "Harry, thy *wish* was father to that thought:" at best the spirit of the work was ill-timed, and adds another to the many existing proofs of the justice of Plato's remark, Εγωγε ων αν και περι των Ποιητων εν ολιγω τουτο, οτι α Σοφια ποιουσιν α ποιουσιν.

[a] Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino:
Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso

Let but my indignation breathe its fire,[a]
'Tis all the inspiration I desire;
This shall point out the vice I ought to curse,
And give an honest ardour to my verse;
This shall point out the coxcomb and the fool,
Nor let me want fit terms of ridicule.....

F. But why this warmth?

A. Warmth! heavens! is there no cause?
Look round; see dukes and marquisses pull straws;
See viscounts, earls, and barons, fixed in state,
To view....a race of maggots o'er a plate:
Their wives and daughters, equally refined,
To faro wholly dedicate the mind;
These, like their sires and lords, their thousands bet,
Lose they? their honour may discharge the debt.

Memini, ut repente sic poeta prodirem.
Helicondiasque, pallidamque Pyrenen
Illis remitto, &c. PERSII PROL.

[a] Non, non, sur ce sujet pour ecrire avec grace
Il ne faut pas monter au sommeil de Parnasse;
Et sans aller rever dans le double vallon,
La collere suffit, et vaut un Apollon.
BOILEAU.

See tradesmen ape the vices of the great,
Game, whore, and, though they break for't, eat off plate.

F. Why this is madness in its wildest strains,
Worthy strait waistcoats, straw, rods, whips, and chains;
Some ranting methodist your brain has fed
With frenzied railings, and has turned your head.

A. Still 'tis all truth....and sure this frantic age
Might justify the last extremes of rage.
When Virtue quakes upon her tottering throne
At crimes to Roman satirists unknown;
When Ignorance and Vice in compact stand,
Spreading Egyptian darkness o'er the land;
When, though we cast a longing eye around,
Free from the plague no Goshen may be found;
When loud sham-patriots shout in treason's cause,
When lucky villains mock the baffled laws,
When vainly Kenyon bared his arm to throw
The bolts of justice against Virtue's foe;

[a] Ει δε τοσουτον απηντηκα τω καιρω δευτερος και μιλα τοσουτους επαινετας ιδια τε και δημοσια τα εκεινω σεμνυναντλας, μηδεις θαυμαζετω. Αλλα συγγινωσκετω μεν η θεια ψυχη, και παντ' εμοι σεβασμια, και νυν, και προσωτερον.

GREGOR. NAZIANZENUS.

While yet, by upright Eldon's frown unawed,
Still swell extortion, peculation, fraud;
Is this a time my passion's rage to rein,
To smooth my verse, or qualify my strain,
To pause for softening terms, or meanly fear,
To shock with simple truth a rascal's ear?
Perish the thought! be dumb the treacherous tongue
That bids me lose the roughness of my song!
No gentle lash makes Vice or folly sore,
Who bids them feel must cut them to the core,
Not tickle them, as if 'twixt sport and ire,
But use the fierceness of the caustic's fire.

F. Such is the plea of all who wanting skill
Adroitly and with art their prey to kill,
Treat it with all the rudeness of a clown,
And, just like bungling butchers, knock it down.

A. It needs no skill to call owls dull and grave,
To call a cat a cat, or Snob a knave.[a]

[a] Je ne puis rien nommer, si ce n'est par son nom;
J'appelle un chat un chat, et Rolet un fripon.
BOILEAU.

Τα συκα συκα, την σκαφην δε σκαφην ονομαζων.
LUCIAN.

F. I know your temper, and have often seen
Your weak endeavours to conceal your spleen;
I know your heart, that only loves to rail,
Most pleased when gall and bitterness prevail:
And yet, suppose I grant these pictures true,
Pictures that rage devoid of candour drew,
Yet might the age that sees fair Science raise
Her drooping head, demand some little praise,
Some small applause; and though your headlong strain
May rail at fancied vice, yet may the train
Of rising arts that decorate the age
Demand their eulogy e'en in your page:
Then give them honour....

A. Now 'tis plain you jeer;
Your praise is but the cover of a sneer;
'Tis plain your fields of science and of taste
Are but a fairy scene, a desart waste.

F. I jeer! Not I, by heaven! E'en you must own,
Could you but quit this misanthropic tone,
That science shines with more than common ray....

A. Why yes....And this the daily papers say....
Look at the Chronicle, Courier, and Times,
And Morning Post, that teems with flimsy rhymes;

Inspect their pregnant columns, there you'll find
Science enough to stupify the mind:
Ross teaches you the science of a curl,[a]
While Brodum bids you *safely take a girl*;[b]

[a] *Ross.* This man has given us *science* in the names, at least, of his apologies for baldness; for instance, "The crown of Canathos," "The Euodian Ringlet," and divers other magnificent and sounding titles that quite eclipse the poor "altum saganæ Caliendrum" of Horace.

[b] *Brodum.* Since Dr. Brodum has made a donation of fifty pounds to one of our hospitals, and as he is made a governor for life of I know not what institution (as he is at the pains of telling us every day in an elaborate advertisement, which sets forth his charity, and extols his medicines), I cannot do less than give room to one of the advertisements of this Medicinal Doctor Trusler, copied (not indeed literatim, for I have attempted to make English of it) from the Times:

ADVERTISEMENT.

When Moliere was at his last gasp, and the priest had besmeared him with the most holy unction, as they call it, "Well now," says he, "I am pretty well furnished for my expedition, for you have equipped me with an oilskin coat, and greased my boots into the bargain."....And yet there have been numbers equally as near their exit to every appearance as Moliere, and notwithstanding have escaped the journey, while disappointed sextons, grave-diggers, and undertakers have hauled down curses on that modern Æsculapius.....Dr. Brodum!!!

Senate's love-stirring Lozenges of steel,[a]
And cures for pains you feel, or think you feel;
Health, and long life, and Analeptic pills,
For ills unknown to mortuary bills;
Elixirs, Balms of Gilead, meet the eye,[b]
Demand your lips, and for precedence cry;

Brodum, who oft the hostile hand of death,
Hath by plenipotent repulsion foiled!
Baffled the leveller when the bow was bent,
And, in despight of his destructive aim,
Made him return his arrows to their quiver:
Witness his "GUIDE to AGE,"
His "NERVOUS CORDIAL" and "BOTANIC SYRUP!!"
At which the King of Terrors shrinks appalled,
Checked and impeded in his proud career!
A dread presentiment that all his triumphs
Will to his own annihilation tend,
"And Death be swallowed up in Victory."

If any thing can exceed the *folly* of this advertisement, it is the presumptuous madness of its three last lines.

[a] *Senate's*, &c. Dr. Senate is another gentleman of the many who, in compassion to the prevailing vice, and consequent imbecility of the rising generation, have the charity to vend their Aphrodisiacs for the benefit of the public. A late trial, however, has shown that to pay for, and to insert an advertisement in the daily papers are two things.

[b] *Balms of Gilead.* I was informed by a gentleman of Liverpool, some time ago, that Dr. Solomon once actually re-

With these a never to be numbered throng[a]
Of Patents claim the celebrating song;
Coffins that mock the surgeon's carving room,
And wrap you snugly till the day of doom;
Razors that shave without the aid of hands,
Wigs, Waterclosets, Blacking for St. James's
Bands:
All these, and more I know not how to name,
All these stand up competitors for fame;
Each his pretensions on his merit founds,
The public thinks that each for hope has grounds;
But, could the public view them with my eyes,
Packwood and Hanger should divide the prize;

galed a large party with Balm of Gilead Punch! If we are to estimate the value of the beverage by the Doctor's account of the tedious chemical process by which his Balm is prepared, and by the price he has affixed to it, Imperial Tokay, or the costly Lacrima Christi, would have been economy itself compared with this profusion.

[a] The Tatler has given a good account of an advertising paper: "If a man," says he, "has pains in his head, cholics in his bowels, or spots in his clothes, he may here meet with proper cures and remedies. If a man would recover a horse or a wife that is stolen or strayed, if he wants new sermons, electuaries, or asses milk, or any thing else, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them in." No. 224.

At least till Beddoes deigns to let us see [a]
A patent gained for immortality.

F. Mere idle mockery! Yet you'll forbear,
To touch the arts, at least the pencil spare.

A. One art at least, and with exulting eyes,
One art, at least, I see from darkness rise;
Emerge in splendour to adorn our isle,
Cheered by a gracious Monarch's fostering smile.
Though Bromley rails, and swears our English school [b]
Has not yet passed the art's first vestibule,
Because the' Academy could find no nook
Fit to receive the dulness of his book;

a See the Doctor's notice of observations made at his medical pneumatic institution.

b *Bromley.* The artists of the present day have found a spirited and elegant partizan in Mr. Tresham, who inflicted poetical chastisement upon Mr. Bromley, in his "Sea-sick Minstrel," with much spirit, yet without descending from the language of a gentleman. Mr. T. is an amiable man, and in the professional exercise of his abilities, merits a great portion of that praise which he has bestowed, perhaps with a hand not sufficiently discriminating, on the members of the Royal Academy.

Though Wolcott [a] rails on West....though he lets fall
The bitterness and rancour of his gall,
Or boldly ventures, in the tones of spleen,
To criticise [b] a work he has not seen;
Yet, by Saint Luke, I mock their moody ire,
Thrown as it is on talents all admire.
Thee, West, the various powers of art obey,
The great, the graceful, terrible, and gay:
With equal ease thy skilful pencil roves
Through flowery fields with Venus and her doves;

[a] Taci, maladetta lupa!
Consuma dentro te con la tua rabbia. DANTE.

It is difficult to conjecture why Mr. West should have been the particular object of this man's attacks, unless we suppose that Mr. W's worth as a man, in addition to the station he holds as an artist, may have rendered him peculiarly odious to dealers in scurrility, and obnoxious to that abuse which ever assails the fairest and best of characters.

[b] To term this man's remarks "criticism," is to be guilty of a most flagrant euphemismus. It is worthy of remark that Mr. or Dr. Wolcott has published a set of prints from his own drawings, and notwithstanding the abilities of Mr. Alken have been employed upon them, they are most miserable performances. That this is the fault, not of the engraver, but of the designer, I am well assured, as I have seen some of his wretched attempts at crayon painting.

Gives us the classic scene, the sober gloom,
The learned tone of Archimedes' tomb ; [a]
In warmer tints bids gayer scenes arise,
Bids fair Calypso charm in airy dyes, [b]
Or drives the terrible wild path along,
Sublime in grandeur, in expression strong.
Who can, unmoved, thy Regulus behold ?
Who see that scene, and yet his praise withhold ?
Where, nobly stern of soul, the Chieftain stands
Unmoved, 'midst weeping, supplicating bands ;
Turns from the scenes that nursed his early years,
Though love and friendship court his stay with tears,
Though Carthage bids her fires of torture burn,
And on her shores Death waits for his return....
Still does the snarling wretch dispute thy claim
To excellence, to honour, praise, and fame ?
Then show him where thy dying hero lies, [c]
Who beams expression, though from fading eyes,
Who calls on glory with his parting breath,
And grasps the laurel in the arms of death.
Yet, not to scenes of earth alone confined,
The fire and ardent temper of thy mind

[a] See Note I, at the end of the poem.

[b] See Note II. [c] See Note III.

Gives thee the secrets of the' abyss to spy
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy.
To paint what he in Patmos, who heard cry
The warning voice that sounded from on high,
Saw in the' Apocalypse, when heaven revealed
Visions till then from mortal eyes concealed;[a]
When he, the conqueror, went forth, when to slay
Went forth the power that takes all peace away,
When Death rode on, and with him hell was poured
To kill with plagues, with famine, and the sword.
Thy pencil too has shown us how abode
On Ararat the man beloved of God;
Veiled in mysterious cloud, in mist, and dark,[b]
Beneath the arch of promise, stands the Ark:
The fountains of the deep are shut; the tide
Ebbs from the mountain top; the waves subside;
All pale and wan in death's own proper hue,
The victims of heaven's justice meet the view;
And he, the subtle one, man's foe of old,
Suspends his length in many a loosened fold,
Type of his doom to come; the waves above
Her silver pinions bear the spotless dove.
These all are thine; yet still so versatile,[c]
So strong thy powers, so prompt in every style,

[a] See Note IV. [b] See Note V.
[c] See Note VI.

That every subject finds its proper tone,
And character exclusively its own.[a]

F. From you this candour! so much praise from you!
This panegyric strain is something new:
But will it last?

A. Last! 'Tis my chief delight.
Place objects worthy praise before my sight,
Then straight my fancy with its theme shall glow,
Then with spontaneous warmth my verse shall flow.
Reproof is painful, and the caustic song,
That pours its rage upon the guilty throng,
Gives trouble to its author, but the strain
That sings of Peace and Virtue's golden reign
Brings pleasure, brings complacency to all,
But those whose souls o'erflow with spleen and gall.
You name the arts, and I with gladness haste
To praise one artist blessed with strength and taste;
One more remains.....While others err by rule,
And regularly play the sober fool,
Ape the dull school of Mengs, and such as he,
Who draw their figures by geometry,[b]

[a] See Note VII.

[b] See the life prefixed to the Opere di Mengs, by D'Azara.

Lo! where soars Fuseli, through realms of light
Darting with ardent glance his piercing sight;
On high he rides: terror around him flings,
And visits scenes that Milton only sings.
The Dragon in the tempest of his wrath [a]
He paints, and walks a visionary path;
Embodies thought, through fields of fancy flies,
And sports with forms unseen of mortal eyes;
Shows bright Titania's revels in her grove,
Or binds the cestus round the waist of Love; [b]

[a] Lear's caution to Kent: "Come not between the dragon and his wrath."

[b] And how applicable is Homer's description of the cestus of Venus to the voluptuous airs of some of Mr. Fuseli's female figures:

Ενθα δε οι θελκτηρια παντα τετυκτο·
Ενθ' ενι μεν φιλοτης, εν δ' Ιμερος, εν δ' οαριστυς,
Παρφασις, ητ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεοντων.

IL. XIV.

Notwithstanding Mr. Fuseli's acknowledged excellence in the intellectual department of the art, notwithstanding the energy which he pours into almost every subject, and that impassioned expression which is peculiar to his pencil, his method of treating the human figure may be deemed in some measure objectionable. Mr. F. has not confined his peculiarity of style to the extremities (parts in which the mannerist is most generally conspicuous); in an instant, at the first glance,

While these, and more than than these, whom genius fires,
Whom purest zeal to raise the art inspires,
Whose ardent spirit o'er the vulgar towers,
To noblest subjects dedicate their powers;
Behind, a throng of luckless artists see,
Condemned to low and servile drudgery,

you recognize his hand, whether it is employed on a knee, clavicle, the pectoral muscles, the deltoides, the trapezius, or any of the anatomical parts particularly marked by the painter; nor do I think that a leg or an arm from one of his figures would unite with the works of any other master, ancient or modern. In his style he has great uniformity; it possesses the "Servetur ad imum qualis ab incepto processerit;" and the observance of that rule is so general in his paintings, that you recognize it in the most minute parts, from a ringlet that curls over the forehead of one of his figures, to the extreme point of a sandal or a slipper. I will not compare Mr. Fuseli's style with that of Tintoret, but I think that some of those terms at least, by which Vasari chose to designate the manner of the latter, are not very inapplicable to it: "Nelle cose della pittura capricioso presto e resoluto, et il piu terribile cervello, che habbia avuto mai la pittura, come si puo vedere in tutte le sue opere; e ne' componimenti delli storie, fantastische, e fatte da lui diversamente e fuori dell'uso degli altri pittori: anzi ha superato la stravaganza con le nuove, e capricciose inventioni, e strani ghiribizzi del suo intelletto che ha lavorato a caso, e senza disegno, quasi monstrando che quest' arte e una baia."

To waste their talents on a booby's face,
And toil to give unmeaning features grace.

F. What! your old style? I feared your breath
of praise
Would quickly be exhausted. Yet why raise
Your voice against the useful powers that save
From Time's fell grasp the good, the wise, the
brave;
That aid the' historic and poetic page
To hand down virtue to a future age?

A. With you I praise the pencil that bids rise
Heroes of other days before our eyes,
Perpetuates the features of the brave,
And all the worth that decorates its age.
Oft have I blessed the pencil that can steal
From absence half its bitterness, reveal
The form of one beloved, and bless our eyes
With friends that wander under other skies;
Still must I join the verse that ridicules
The flatterers of those presumptuous fools
Who give their numbskulls, dressed by art divine,
And highly varnished, in rich frames to shine.
Lawrence, or Hoppner, or Sir William, knows
What he who paints a portrait undergoes;

How e'en their skill may fail to satisfy
The cravings of self-love and vanity:
They know how oft the withered cheek demands
The bloom of youthful roses from their hands;
How oft the dead dim eye demands the ray
Of fires extinct, alas! for many a day;
And he who carries dullness in his face
Expects expression, liveliness, and grace.
He who does suit and service with his art,
To these, at best, but acts a servile part,
The nurse of folly: yet less guilty far
Than those convenient tools (if such there are,
As rugged Barry seems to hint) who lend
Their rooms for meetings with a private friend.[a]

F. Mere surliness in Barry, spleen in you....
Nay, if this rude invective you pursue,
Music, that heavenly art, whose pleasing sway
At once the cruel and the mild obey;
Music, that sternest, fiercest souls has tamed,
Music itself will hardly pass unblamed.

A. You think me of my censures too profuse;....
'Tis not the art itself, but its abuse

[a] I do not recollect with certainty, but think that this offensive insinuation was made in the reply to Winkelmann.

That I condemn. Is there no food for rage
In the perverting spirit of the age,
When the great masters of the moving lyre,
Whose powers sublimest feelings might inspire,
Charm the rapt sense no more; for Handel's song,
All various, lofty, plaintive, sweet, or strong,
Of power to give to softest sadness birth,
Or lift the soul above the scenes of earth;
For the rich sweetness of Corelli's strain,
For Purcel's magic, lo, a quavering train,
Who place all music in the dextrous skill
Of high bravura, neat shake, or smooth trill;[a]
These swarm in all our concerts, fill the stage,
And gain loud plaudits from a stupid age.

F. What! you condemn the wretches in a mass?

A. No....with some others, I'll let Vinci pass;
Her execution, taste, tone, magic look,

[a] I deny not that the preternatural screams of an Italian singer may occasion surprise and momentary amusement; but those screams are not music; they are admired, not for their propriety or pathos, but, like rope-dancing and the eating of fire, because they are uncommon and difficult. The end of all genuine music is to introduce into the human mind certain affections, or susceptibilities of affection.

BEATTIE ON POETRY AND MUSIC, p. 1. c. vi. s. 1.

Would charm us even in the songs of Hook.
But for those fools, who, other fools to please,
Play tricks, like rope-dancers, upon the keys,
For these I have no mercy; yet they throng
E'en on our tragic stages, and ere long
It will not much surprise me if Othello
Smothers his wife to a sweet ritornello,
While she, all underneath the sheets, shall sing ye
A tear-compelling aria by Mazzinghi.

F. The care of managers forbids that dread.

A. I know not that....so long on folly fed,
The town might like it, and, as usual, say,
" Well, that Othello is a pretty play."
Too well the manager his interest knows
To talk of folly when the house o'erflows.
Whate'er the public taste, 'tis his to please,
And now, the way once found, 'tis done with ease.
Brinsley saw well the temper of the age,
Saw how for noise and show prevailed a rage,
Marked with keen eye the temper of the town,
And found that nonsense only would go down;
Then, though in realms of wit he shone alone,
And saw the walks of humour all his own,
He decked his crown with sprigs of German bays,
And e'en from Anna Plumptre borrowed praise.

w, Shakspeare's scenes to deck, the dance and
song,
;eants, and shows, and the procession's throng,
st be combined. All Hamlet's charms are lost
:he superior beauties of the ghost;
l half the actors, scorning the plain door,
st rise on traps and engines through the floor.
n Lear touches not by his distresses
less that dear Miss Rein *performs* the dresses.
let proud Drury's managers beware,
rivals rise the public praise to share;
them take special heed, or they may fall
ore the strong attractions of Vauxhall;
Blue-beard's gardens shine not half so bright
Ranelagh, or Vauxhall's gala night.
vis himself, with his infernal hosts,
st yield to Astley's most transcendant ghosts.
le, Kemble, hide thy face, and blush to see
ıxhall in elephants excel e'en thee,
:-gild thy pageants with a single car,
l gain a victory without a war.

'. This will not save your book....howe'er
debased,
we'er depraved and sunk the public taste,
l some there are, the favoured sons of song,
ıo shine conspicuous o'er the vulgar throng;

These have the power, with but a single frown,
Or sneer, from your bold hopes to strike you down;
And should these spare you, still some lurking foe,
Some good *Anonymous* may aim a blow,
Some snarling critic a false rhyme may quote,
Some angry wit may damn you in a note,
Stab with a pun, destroy with half a jest,
Or murder you with all Joe Miller's zest.
Still lives the bard, he at whose dreaded name
All fools are pale, or hang the head in shame;
Still Gifford lives, whose many sounding strain
Scattered the witlings of Bell's tinkling train;
Think'st thou that he whose satire could not spare
Doggrel and nonsense, even in the fair,
From whose rebuke Matilda went not free,
Think'st thou that he in mercy will pass thee?

A. If candid wit, if genius strikes the blow,
Some consolation in my fate I know,
Enjoy the brightness of the satire's beam,
And praise the ridicule, myself its theme.
Sure 'twere to die like that famed bird whose nest
Holds all the scents of Araby the blest,
For whom their fragrance gums and spikenard lend,
Their odours frankincense and cassia blend,
Who clasps her wings exulting in the fires,
And blest amid oppressive sweets expires.

Where, Gifford, is the promise that thy hand
Should strike a nobler, more reluctant band?[a]
Why sleep thy bolts, why in thy quiver lie
The shafts that bid the brood of folly die?
Ripe for thy song, the vices of the age
Demand the fullest ardour of thy rage;
Then wake thou; from thy languid slumber start;
Prepare thy bow; make ready the keen dart;
Strengthen thine arm: then on religion's foe,
On guilt and villainy inflict the blow;
Nor put thou off thy wrath, till on the ground
Vice groans, laid low, and pierced with many a wound.

[a] "Nunc in Ovilio
"Mox in reluctantes Dracones."
The motto used by Mr. Gifford.

NOTES

RELATIVE TO THOSE PAINTINGS OF

Mr. WEST,

WHICH ARE MENTIONED IN THE PRECEDING POEM.

The following notes pretend to no critical knowledge. They were simply dictated by the admiration which was created in me by those talents, which produced the pictures here noticed. It may not be improper to mention, that I fixed upon the paintings here more particularly described rather because they conveniently offered themselves as proofs of versatility of talents, than on account of any pre-eminence they may have over the rest of Mr. West's works.

NOTE I.

Cicero discovering the Tomb of Archimedes to the Magistrates of Syracuse.

This Picture is classic; and the air and character of the figures, the introduction of the Lictors and Consular chariot, the costume, the buildings, the scenery, in short, all

the component parts are purely so. The combination of forms, and the general air of the buildings and surrounding landscape are such, that while we behold them we imagine ourselves carried back to the age in which the discovery here represented actually took place, and planted amid the sages who are the actors in the scene. Every thing is perfectly in character with the solemn dignity which belongs peculiarly to scenes of this nature. The clouded sky, and the smoke of Mount Etna, mounting with difficulty, and labouring through a heavy atmosphere, are in perfect concord with the subject. Indeed there is not the form or character of foliage of a tree, the shape or colour of a fragment of stone, or the course or tone of a streamlet of water, that does not tend to advance the prime object of the painter.

It has been said, but surely without foundation, that this picture is in the manner of Poussin. It certainly has that composed solemnity which is almost personified in his pictures, and the subject is such as Poussin loved to paint; and this is all the resemblance. The composition of Poussin's groups is generally diffuse, much dispersed, and, if I may so express myself, stringy; and the character which he gave to all his figures, upon all occasions, was a transcript of some statue or bas-relief: he rather loved to paint the simple elements of a passion, and to represent a general idea of man, than to discriminate between this or that national character; and in his pictures we only know from the symbols and allegory which he introduced, whether we are on the banks of the Jordan, the Nile, or the Tiber. In Mr. West's picture the composition of the principal group is

well knit and firm, and the character given to all the personages is such as suits them individually.

The point of time chosen for the picture is that on which Cicero points out to the astonished and admiring Syracusans the tomb of their philosopher at the entrance of a grove, while some are busily employed, with proper implements, in removing the trees and shrubs that concealed it. We are informed that the Tomb of Archimedes was marked by a sphere and a cylinder; but, as these forms would not of themselves possess sufficient consequence for the purposes of the painter, he has raised them upon a sarcophagus. Behind the group in which Cicero is conspicuous, waits his chariot, preceded by the Lictors. Farther back in the picture are several spectators, some mounting the eminence on which the principal figures stand. In the distance is the city, from the gates of which the inhabitants, who may be supposed to have heard of the discovery, are rushing out. Mount Etna occupies the remote distance.

NOTE II.

The Calypso.

The style of Albano does not form a stronger contrast with that of Michel Angelo than does the Calypso with the Tomb of Archimedes: nor is the latter of these pictures less admirable than the former for the manner in which every thing is made subordinate to one predominant character, and a strict observance of the subject.

The point of time chosen is that on which Telemachus and Mentor first meet Calypso and her nymphs, after the

shipwreck. Telemachus seems to address the goddess with awe and diffidence; but in the severe frown and stern regard which accompany the eye of scrutiny with which Mentor beholds her, we recognize the penetration and distrust of the concealed Minerva. Calypso is stepping before her nympha with that majestic air which Fenelon makes her assume upon the occasion. Behind the principal group are other nymphs dancing and playing on the timbrel.

All crude and raw tints are kept out of the picture, and it appears to be pervaded by a soft and tender atmosphere, which governs the whole with most complete harmony. The light is not an open sun-shine, but such as is given by the watery rays of the sun when flowing from behind a cloud after rain. The manner in which the principal group is composed and borne out by its own shadow, deserves the highest commendation. The sky, the distance, the waves, still heaving and feeling the impulse of the past storm, are all happily coloured, formed, and touched. The penciling of the foliage in the trees is admirable, and totally unlike that in the "Tomb of Archimedes."

NOTE III.

The "Regulus," and the "Wolfe," are too well known to the lovers of art to need any comment. Those who suppose that the latter of these pictures has derived the general admiration it has met with from the circumstance of the faces being all portraits, must have as little knowledge as taste and judgment in matters relative to the art. I was sorry to find the following note appended to one of Dr. Beattie's Essays: "An historical picture, like West's Death of Wolfe, in which the faces are all portraits of in-

dividual heroes, and the dresses according to the present mode, may be more interesting now than if these had been more picturesque, and those expressive of different modifications of heroism. But in a future age, *when the dresses become unfashionable*, and the faces no longer known as portraits, is there not reason to fear that this excellent piece will lose its effect?" Surely Dr. Beattie does not mean to say that the picture does now receive its effect, as he terms it, from the circumstance of the faces being portraits, and the *dresses being fashionable.*

I might quote Rubens as an instance that modern dresses may be introduced even into the company of the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece; though not without censure from many. But does Dr. Beattie, or do those who shall assent to his opinion when it may be defined, think that only one style of drapery is to be given to the personages of an historic or dramatic painting? that Mr. West should have wrapped the limbs of his Wolfe, his Monckton, and the other figures of that painting, in the blue, red, and yellow blankets of Florence, or in the seraglio trappings of Rubens? and that, in order to secure to himself, in future ages, applause as strong as that which has been showered upon the picture in the present, he should have changed the face of Wolfe, because it had not the *ideal* beauty, for the features of Mr. Townley's Pericles, or the hat of the former for the more classic helmet of the latter? Or can it be supposed by any one that the subject is improper for the pencil? I know that Sir Joshua Reynolds was persuaded to think so before he saw the picture; but the greatest men are obnoxious to error; and I know that when he did see it, when he beheld the wonderful powers of composition,

the irresistible force of nature, of expression, and truth that it contained, he needed no arguments to induce him to change his opinion.

Heroes have been hitherto so monopolized by the proud accoutrements of chivalric pomp, by the tunic, the breast-plate, the morrion, and the habergeon, that it certainly required some boldness to combat an erroneous opinion that had gone abroad, deduced falsely from principles that could not support it. A hero in boots and breeches undoubtedly requires that some management should be bestowed upon him before he can impress us with the veneration we should feel for him, when arrayed in the prescriptive habiliments of the heroes of antiquity. The cocked hat of one of our generals has not so imposing an air as the helmet of a Greek; and, in sound at least, the κνημιδες Αχαιοι have an advantage over the "well-booted Hessians;" and even if the forms of different parts of ancient and modern dress should be passed over without a comparison, the modern attire may lose something of its consequence from being familiar in our eyes; while the ancient, as with the generality of mankind, according to Tacitus, omne ignotem pro magnifico est, gains as much from being too rare for common or frequent inspection. I can readily allow myself to be persuaded, that if the targe and the helmet were as frequent in our streets as are the parasols and plumed hats of our ladies, we should, setting aside gallantry, behold the latter with at least as much respect as we should be inclined to pay to the former.

But the judicious painter can conceal, or even turn to his advantage, by particular incidents of light and shadow, those objects which common opinions deem to be unfavour-

able to his art. An example of this is before us in the painting now mentioned. The hat of the general is placed upon the ground so as to be of great service in breaking the flatness of a large mass of light; the stock round his neck answers the same purpose; both of the objects operating in the painting, as a discord introduced into a musical composition; like that, too, they arrest the attention, and fix it upon particular points.

I dare hope and believe that this painting will be instrumental in overthrowing a great and injurious prejudice: it has already been imitated, and has given a new light to the historic painting of almost all Europe. What the objections may be that can be set in array against the subject, I know not; it is not *merely* historic, it is dramatic, as circumscribed by historic truth; and every subject of this kind, be its accompaniments, its accidents what they may, is proper for the pencil. Must we only paint Greeks and Romans? Can no human being be the hero of a picture until he has ceased to live for a thousand years?

We have sufficient proof from other paintings, far inferior to this, that the dresses of a picture cannot influence its fate, unless it is bad in other respects. Who can believe that the scene in which Calas and his daughters are the chief actors, by Chodoweicki, will ever cease to affect and to interest? yet the draperies are less favourable in that work to the purposes of the artist, according to received notions, than those of the "Wolfe." But, like Mr. West, Chodoweicki knew that the object of the dramatic, or, if you will have it to be a simple history, the historic painter, is to make form, composition, and colour, but the vehicles of passion and expression, of truth and nature.

NOTE IV.

The opening of the four first seals. From the Revelation of St. John.

Subjects of this nature lie only within the grasp of great minds. All things necessary to be represented in them are ideal, and can have their prototypes only in the mind of the artist. All the benefit that he can derive from external sources, is assistance in the modification of those forms which must circumscribe his ideas: and every thing must be so ordered by him, that coalitions of forms *merely possible* may be taught to wear the appearance of *probability*, and be offered to us in a manner so plausible, that we do not revolt from them as extravagant, or reject them as absurd.

The difficulty of treating this subject in a manner worthy of its sublimity must be apparent, upon reading the words of Scripture: "And I saw when the lamb opened one of the seals; and I heard, as it were, the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, Come and see. And I saw, and, behold, a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer. And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, Come and see. And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another; and there was given unto him a great sword. And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see.

And I beheld, and, lo, a black horse: and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice, &c. And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see. And I looked, and, behold, a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death; and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth."

On approaching this picture, the eye is carried to the centre of it, where, laying waste all before him and around him, Death on the pale horse drives over a group that already feels his power. An infant, naked, dead, livid, is thrown over its mother, who lies prostrate in mortal agonies, already suffused with a pale deadly hue. Another infant, with a countenance full of terror and affection, clings to her; her head is supported by a man who, with woe and despair forcibly depicted in his features, interposes one arm between the object of his care and Death, on whom he fixes an imploring eye. At the feet of the woman is a man falling backwards, endeavouring to support himself on one arm, and covering his head with the other. Behind this group, and forming an appendage to it, is Famine, characterized by his exhausted cup, his ghastly and hungering countenance, abdominal contraction, and limbs palsied and incapable of motion. Still farther behind, is a female, the full personification of woe and misery. Over, and in the midst of this group, in his dreadful course is Death, "black as night, fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell, and shakes a deadly dart.' But the painter has not given him the trite and vulgar darts generally placed in the hand of

this king of terrors; his shafts are fire, and his darts are the sudden lightning. The pale horse that bears him is almost as much an object of terror as his rider. He seems to be the horse "whose neck is clothed in thunder, the glory of whose nostrils is terrible, who swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage." Hovering over Death, and in his train, are a throng of hideous monsters, the fiendish character of whose expression plainly marks them as the progeny of hell; and by the fiery glow that flashes in the gloom from which they are emerging, the imagination is impressed with an idea of the continuation of their train, and is carried into infinite space. To the right, in shadow, is he that sat on the black horse, with the balances in his hand; and farther to the right, taking a course different from that of Death, is he that sat on the red horse, that had power to take peace from the earth, and the conqueror on the white horse; the one pouring forth his destructive shafts, and the other threatening with the sword. In the distance, is carnage by land and by water. The other side of the picture is covered with the destruction by the beasts of the earth. This part is connected with the middle group, by a horse that crouches down in terror under the feet of the pale horse that carries Death. The fury of the lions that are rushing on their prey, the dismay of the wretch who attempts to draw his sword, and the headlong descent of him who has been tossed upon the horns of the bull, are admirably conceived and expressed. They are the prominent features of the left side of the picture.

The composition is, as is usual with Mr. West, excellent; and the disposition of the different groups such as is calculated to show the parts which ought to be brought forward,

even if the distribution of light were less skilful than it is. The colouring is such as the subject demands, grave and severe, yet not harsh or crude, but properly tempered by a partial introduction of warmth. The colouring of the woman and her infant is in the very tones of mortality, and her garments are the robes of death. The pervading tone is well sustained throughout, and aided by the dismal heaviness of the sky, and the gleams that seem to shoot athwart the horizon. Although the picture has been wrought with that boldness and impetuosity of pencil which the subject demands, the drawing is correct and fine, and is kept in due bounds.

Perhaps Mr. West has never been so happy in expression as in parts of this picture. Nothing can be better conceived than the savage and unrelenting fury of Death; it speaks as well in his action as in his face; it breathes through him, from the stormy forehead and cruel eye, down to the extreme tension of the strained foot; it is announced as well by the whirl and brandish of his arm, as by the open nostrils, and the fell exultation of his mouth. His eye, like his arm, has no single scope, and destruction not less than universal seems to be his purpose. The horse has a terific wildness, which the features of that animal might be supposed incapable of expressing. The agony of the last pangs that separate the soul from the body is working in the face of the prostrate woman, yet half smothered, and struggling through the veil of stupefaction: the expression in the face and attitude of him that supports her, can be conceived by those only who, having seen the picture, are able to recollect it; and the earnestness of sorrow and solicitude in the living child, can only be equalled by the charac-

ter of morbid fleshiness that is so ably kept up in its dead brother.

In the dead serpent, and the dove mourning over its mate, the painter has given us an epitome of the whole picture; and by suggesting to us the powers and qualities which those animals have, and represent in their symbolic acceptation, has in one spot compressed the subject, as it were, into an Encheiridion.

Such is the general outline of this picture; a picture that teems with destruction, and havoc, and woe, and terror, and dismay. In it the artist has employed various instruments and a multiplicity of engines, each working in its own manner, but all tending to one object, and all calculated to unite their powers in forcing one irresistible idea upon the mind, and stamping it upon the imagination.

NOTE V.

The resting of the Ark, and the subsiding of the Waters.

Mr. West, by his manner of treating this subject, has given to it a wonderful dignity; showing, that as well in painting as in poetry, simplicity is a branch of the sublime. The component parts of this picture are, the ark, the bow set in the cloud, the memorial of God's covenant with Noah, the waters, and, placed in the front of the picture, a group of the bodies of those who have perished in the flood, and with them, the victim of his own snares, the serpent, whose head the seed of the woman was doomed to bruise.

The form of the ark is such as suits not the purposes of the painter, without some particular management. It is here placed in a commanding and impressive situation, in the midst of the clouds, high in the centre of the picture, immediately under the rainbow, which has an introduction purposely anticipatory. Shrouded in obscure dimness, in "disastrous twilight," the form of the ark has something undetermined about it, from the prismatic reflections that play and glimmer round it. The raven is represented as passing to and fro, and the dove, self-poised over the waters, is gathering in her beak the first emerging germ of vegetation.

NOTE VI.

Each of the pictures already mentioned, is in a style peculiar to itself; and indeed so much attention does Mr. West pay to his subject, and so thoroughly does he study it, and adapt his design, his composition, his colouring, and even his handling of the pencil, to it, that every variety of subject meets in him with an appropriate variety of style.

I shall briefly mention two other pictures, which bear not the least resemblance to each other in character of style, or to any of the pictures I have noticed above.

The first is a picture, painted some years ago, now retouched, and which was lately about to be placed in the Foundling Hospital. It represents the action of the point of time on which our Saviour says, "Verily I say unto you, whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." The remarks that follow apply to the picture as it now stands, and not as it was formerly, for I understand that it is materially altered,

as to general tone, effect, force, and expression. It was originally painted in a low key, and the drapery of our Saviour, which was then white, formed the principal light. The painter thought the mass heavy and dull, and, giving to the Saviour the blue and red draperies in which he is generally represented, transferred the principal light to the body of the child, and the white drapery in which he is held. The flesh of the child is painted with the utmost purity of colour and height of light, and the white of the drapery is unbroken; this pure light, with the bright red drapery of a fanciullo, who holds the child, forms the key of the picture, and the whole is worked up to it. Although this is the principal light, yet the attention is forcibly carried to the Saviour, by his situation in the picture, the colours of his drapery, his attitude, his arm raised towards heaven, the glory that plays around him, and by the shaft of a column that is placed immediately behind him.

This picture may be said to be painted in what Agostino Caracci called *lo stil decoro*. Every thing in it is placid and tranquil, except a Pharisaical face in shadow, which, by its stormy workings, serves to give value to the prevailing calm of the picture. The child is the union of grace, loveliness, and innocence: the character of the head of St. Peter, who stands nearest to the eye, demands particular notice; the bones of the scull, and the form of the forehead, are marked with truth and precision. But nothing can equal the expression of the Saviour's face; a cloud of soft melancholy spreading over it, shows him the man of sorrow, he who was acquainted with grief from his youth up; but it is not a selfish sorrow; there is compassion in it; and

benevolence, and mercy, and patience, and long-suffering, dawn through it.

Those who see this picture will not think it over-rated by me, if I affirm, that for the appropriate fulness of pencil with which it is worked, it may vie with any production of modern art.

The last picture that I shall mention is, " Fitzgerald rescuing Alexander III, of Scotland, from the attack of a Stag." Little as the title promises, this picture is perfectly heroic, as much so as if, for Alexander, we had the body of Patroclus; for the assailing stag, Hector; and for the preserver of the king, Menelaus; as much so as if, for the Scotch footmen and horsemen, we had Greeks and Trojans; and for the river and castle in the back ground, Scamander and Troy-town.

Although this painting represents an accident that happened to the Scottish monarch when hunting, though there are men, and horses, and dogs employed in the scene, it bears no more resemblance to the hunts of Rubens, than the Iliad, or any other poem celebrating a particular event, bears to the relation of a common-place occurrence. I mean not to draw a comparison, though this picture need not shrink from one. I only speak of the subject. No one, perhaps, but Rubens, could have succeeded in giving motion, character, and energy, to such an unwieldy mass as the Hippopotamos; but still the hunt of that animal is merely a hunt in the general signification of the term; nor can the crocodile, disturbed in the chase, and roused from his lurking place, or the prostrate wretch about to be devoured, though introduced with all the accustomed felicity of Rubens, alter the

nature of the subject. His men are neither Egyptians, nor Asiatics, nor Europeans; indeed, they bear no more of national character about them than do any other of the human beings painted by Rubens. All the skill of that wonderful man, exerted upon a subject of this nature, without reference to a particular action (heroic, as is this represented by Mr. West), would fail to give birth to emotions so powerful, and of so high a class as those he might awaken by employing equal skill upon an heroic subject. Mr. West's picture, then, certainly classes higher than any of the hunts of Rubens.

The national character which is so strongly depicted in the Irishman and in the Scots, is so far from lessening the interest created by the picture, that it heightens it. Strongly marked as it is, it is so modified as to serve all the purposes of the painter, I cannot, therefore, join the opinion of those who may think that Mr. West would have done well in taking the idea of his Alexander from a bust of his namesake of Macedon; his hero Fitzgerald from a Discobolus; his horses from any exhibited in a Venetian antisala; or his dogs from a bas-relief of Diana hunting.

NOTE VII.

Having collated variety of subject with variety of style, in the instances afforded by the above-mentioned pictures, I shall beg leave to quote a passage from Mr. Fuseli's third lecture.

"History," says that gentleman, "history, strictly so called, follows the drama: fiction now ceases, and invention consists only in selecting and fixing with dignity, precision, and sentiment, the moment of reality. Suppose that the

artist choose the death of Germanicus; he is not to give us the highest images of general grief which impresses the features of a people or a family, at the death of a beloved chief or father, for this would be epic imagery; we should have Achilles, Hector, Niobe. He is not to mix up characters which observation and comparison have pointed out to him as the fittest to excite the gradations of sympathy; not Admetus and Alceste; not Meleager and Atalanta; for this would be the drama. He is to give us the idea of a Roman dying amidst Romans, as tradition gave him, with all the real modifications of time and place which may serve unequivocally to discriminate that moment of grief from all others. Germanicus, Agrippina, Caius, Vitellius, the legates, the centurions at Antioch; the hero, the husband, the father, the friend, the leader, the struggles of nature, and sparks of hope, must be subjected to the physiognomic character, and the features of Germanicus, the son of Drusus, the Cæsar of Tiberius. Maternal, female, connubial passion, must be tinged by Agrippina, the woman absorbed in the Roman, less lover than companion of her husband's grandeur. Even the bursts of friendship, attachment, allegiance, and revenge, must be stamped by the military, ceremonial, and distinctive costume of Rome.

"The judicious observation of all this does not reduce the historic painter to the anxiously minute detail of a copyist. Firm he rests on the true basis of the art, imitation; the fixed character of things determines all in his choice, and mere floating accident, transient modes, and whims of fashion, are excluded. If defects, if deformities, are represented, they must be permanent, they must be inherent in the character. Edward the First, and Richard the Third, must be

marked, but marked to strengthen, rather than diminish, the interest we take in the man; thus the deformity of Richard will add to his terror, and the enormous stride of Edward to his dignity. If my limits permitted, your own recollection would dispense me from expatiating in examples on this more familiar branch of invention. The history of our own times, and of our own country, has produced a specimen, in the death of a military hero, as excellent as often imitated, which, though respect forbids me to name it, cannot, I trust, be absent from your mind."

Although Mr. Fuseli applies the rules he lays down in this passage to *mere unmixt* historic painting, I shall beg leave to suggest, that even epic and dramatic subjects must occasionally be circumscribed by historic truth. In another place he says, " We seldom meet with a human performance exclusively made up of epic, dramatic, or pure historic materials." Thus far Mr. Fuseli. To me, history appears to be the generic name, and to admit of as many modifications as the human form and features.

AN

EVENING

IN THE

VALE OF FESTINIOG.

AN EVENING, &c.

This is the time when most the mind delights
To lay aside the burthen of its cares,
And give itself to Nature.....Sweet and mild
Evening's first breeze comes stealing up the vale,
Wafting soft sea-sounds from the rippling wave,
With flow unceasing; and the balmy air,
Filled with delicious coolness, o'er the soul
Breathes a still quiet, and a holy calm.
A gentle shower, now past and hushed, has bathed
The scene with humid freshness; the green turf,
Besprent with many a dew-drop (brushed away
Where'er my foot has crushed the tender blade),
Shines in the sun-beam; and the mellow tints
Of yon rich wood, wash'd in reviving rains,
Acquire new tones, and more transparent hues.

It is a blessed scene, and I rejoice
That I have felt inwove into my being
A love of the green fields, and azure sky,

Mountains, and all the multitud'nous throng
Of waves that sound along the rocky shore.
And therefore (for this never-dying passion,
This craving appetite, has led me on,
As though possessed with moody thoughts, and fed
With wayward fancies)....therefore have I roamed
Through devious wilds, through pathless glens,
and climbed
The tall cliff's topmost crag, and therefore bared
To the sharp mountain-blast my glowing breast.
Nor nursing other feelings have I sought
The savage grandeur of yon wilds sublime,
The foaming cat'ract, or the softer voice
Of bubbling hill-streams.....To this place I come
Led by the self same impulse.
This hoar stone,
Studded with moss, with green and fringed moss,
With crimson fret-work, and bright cups of gold,
And all embossed with curled knots, and tufts
Of lichens,.....this hoar stone shall be my seat.
O lovely is the scene! Here let me sit,
Here see and feel the blended harmony
That tempers down each sharp extreme of form,
Tint, shade, or light, and in a kindred mass
Unites the whole.....Oh for thy pencil, Claude!
Thy pencil, dipt in pure ethereal hues,
In clear and liquid freshness! So the scene

Might live for ever, and for ever charm
With grace peculiar to itself and thee.
Here, on these low-projecting crags, this rock,
Broken with turf and soil, has Nature pour'd
All her variety of dyes, and spread
With apt profusion all her mellow tints
And many-coloured treasures; by my side,
Yet gemmed with recent rain-drops, sedum [a] lifts
Its crimson tufts, and there (where through the moss,
Slow trickling down to gain yon purling rill,
The water oozes) arum [b] scarce reveals,
Half hid, its glowing clusters; the rough rock,
Matted with grass, and dashed with mingled grey,
Oker, and brown, bears on its scanty soil
The deep indented fern, and the tall stem
Of fox-glove, waving in a sin'ous curve
Its pend'lous blossoms, downward blooming full,
And ending in a spike of half closed buds.
Here flourishes ononis, [c] here the heath,
That blends so well its purple with its leaves
And stalks of ruddy brown, here the dark hue
Of tangled furze bedropt with ardent gold.

[a] Sedum rupestre. This plant flourishes very luxuriantly in some parts of North Wales.

[b] Arum.

[c] *Ononis.* Rest-harrow.

Fair is this tree, that hanging over head
Spreads its broad canopy, its emerald green
Tinged, but just barely tinged, with mellowing warmth
And tender yellows. How the wanton breeze
Dallies with the light foliage, and stirs
With soft and tremulous motion the young sprays.
But turn we to a scope more splendid far,
Far more sublime.....Lo! where magnificent
And glorious in his western pomp, the Sun
Diffuses o'er the distant rolling wave
Of ocean, and yon lengthened range of hills,
Dimly descried, the flood of all his blaze!
Full on these nearer mountain tops his beam
Dashes resplendent, and with glowing light
Skirts the projecting crags; his vivid touch
Glances upon the topmost trees, and o'er
The summit of those linear mounds that cross
With interchanging play the lower lands.
The brimming stream, that roves with many a bend
And oft-reiterated curve, to join
The billowy ocean, sparkles through the vale,
And leads with flashes, as of molten gold,
Into the long perspective, bursting forth
In glimpses from behind a tuft of trees,
A rising swell, or undulating knoll.

But who shall paint the mingled waves of light,
And hues effulgent, that together roll,
Where with the sky the long-drawn blazing line
Of ocean mixes! There the ardent glow
Of topaz, and the ruddy ruby's flush,
Unite, convolved in floods; floating along,
Big clouds of purple, edged with brightest light,
Spread their broad vans; above, a thin light tinge
Of palest saffron melts by faint degrees
Into the pure cærulean: higher still,
Through the broad veil of grey that spreads around,
And fills the vault of heaven, at intervals,
Bursts the blue sky, and sheds a milder day.
A cool half-shadow, like the first small mist
That rises from the bosom of some lake
In early eve, creeps up the rugged sides
And cliffs of the vast mountains that embrace
On either side, with double range, the vale.[a]

Who so unblessed as to lock up his heart
Against the soothing power and sweet illapse
Of Nature's voice!.....For sure there dwells a voice,
A moving spirit, and a speaking tongue,

[a] Look how the mountains, with their double range,
Embrace the vale of Tempe. AKENSIDE.

In the loud waters, and the nimble air,
And the still moon-beam, and the living light
Of suns resplendent in their mid career.
And there are sounds that to reflecting minds
Speak feelingly, aiding the bland effect
Of all that Nature offers to the eyes
Of mortal men....And thus the lulling strains,
That, with low-welling tones and dying falls,
Come floating down the breeze, into my heart
Whisper strange things....Nor less the varying voice
That issues from the bubbling stream affects
My melting soul, when, now with still small sound[a]
It trembles, then, with a sweet skirmishing,
Fills all the breeze, and after many a swell
And sweeping strain of winding melody,
It sinks away, quite lost in a full pause.
And there are sounds that not unpleasantly
Fill the attentive ear, though chiming in
With sharper music. Scarce discernible
From the brown scaly bark to which she clings,
The wryneck pours her cry incessantly,[b]
With wail monotonous: down by the stream side
Pipes the curlew; and, wheeling to and fro

[a] Un vivo Sole. PETRARCH.

[b] *The wryneck*.....Iÿnx Torquilla.

With tumbling flight, and glancing in the sun,
Yon golden plovers whistle sharp and shrill.
Yet these are passing pleasant; for the breeze
Blends them together, and, low whispering,
Tempers each harsh sound with its own sweet breath,
With half-heard warblings, and unnumbered sighs
Of rustling leaves; while, heard through every note,
The bubbling rill that murmurs at my feet
Rolls its mild concord, and pervades the whole.
Nor does the ear alone imbibe these sounds.
Deep in my breast I feel them, and my soul,
Touched, trembles with responsive sympathy
To every whispered note.
Now then farewell
To all the low desires that agitate
The breasts of mortal fools! And now farewell
To all the cares and passions that debase
The soul's pure essence! Chastened and refined,
Springs the ethereal mould aloft, and wings [a]
Her flight to realms above the zone of earth,
Where all is bliss and peace: free, and unchained,
And loosed from all the bonds that bind to earth

[a] *Ethereal mould.* .....The' etherial mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. MILTON.

The fire divine, she spurns with holy pride
The feeble barrier; from this goodly scene,
Uptracing to the source of love supreme
And mercy, that creative power that spoke,
And bade the round world stand immoveable
On its foundation.

Thee, O Solitude,
I court with gladness; not as those who feed
With morbid thoughts and gloomy sympathies
A proud and sullen soul....Far be from me
A mind of this complexion....In his breast
Who bears it, bears a never-dying worm,
A gnawing viper that consumes his spirit,
And feeds upon his soul; but he extracts
Poison from Nature's beauties, gloom, and dusk,
And murky fancies from the blessed sun,
And ill from every thing.[a]

Mistaken wretch!
Lift up thine eye, and view the cheerful beam,
The living light of heaven; let thy whole soul
Embrace this goodly scene; then, if the fires
Of blest benevolence and charity
Are not for ever damped, and in thy heart

[a] This our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
SHAKSPEARE. AS YOU LIKE IT.

Extinguished quite, then will thy heart confess
The presence of a sober joy, that comes
With comfort and soft healing; then thy mind,
Disburthened of its fever and thick gloom,
And all surrendered up to the strong charm
Of Nature, to the taste of unfeigned bliss,
Shall be alive for ever; thou shalt smile,
Once more shalt smile, and bliss thy new-born
state.

Tell me, ye gay, ye whom the world esteems
Most fortunate and happy! Tell me, ye
For whom the rich and turgid grape concocts
Its luscious juice, for whom the wine-press pours
In floods its racy nectar! Ye, for whom
The proud saloon with garish splendour teems!
Tell me, ye overgorged with all that wealth
And power can give you! what though Art exhausts
For you her stores, and, to her utmost tasked,
Invention toils to gratify your whim
With varied novelty, palls not the taste
And constant revolution of your joys?
The giddy mazes of the merry dance,
Riot, and revelry, and all the stale
And tasteless jargon of the masquerade,
With all that Fashion, all that Folly loves,
Charm they for ever?....Never does the soul,
Cloyed, weary, sick, and satiated, sigh

And pant for purer pleasures?
Ye who feel
The sacred impulse, and the craving call
Of Nature that invites you, oh how blest,
Supremely blest, above your gay compeers!
If in the din of riot, and the maze
Of dissipation's round, you stifle not
The kindling warmth, the quickening influence;
That leads by gentle steps to cheerfulness,
And steeps the soul in sweetest harmony.
Then hie thee to the fields, and let the warmth
And vital spirit that is interfused
And poured into thy bosom by the taste
Of Nature, and her soul-subduing voice,
Thaw thy congealed affections.
Not alone
To him who sickens at the dizzy joys
And stormy raptures that the world affords,
Does Nature offer her exhaustless stores,
And ever-changing features.....Hither come
Thou whom the buffets of a cruel world,
And the sharp taunts of rude unfeeling men
Have sorely smitten; whom the envenomed shaft
Of persecution, and revilings keen,
Have wounded to the core; oh hither come,
And I will tell thee how the gentle hand
Of Nature to thy sores and bleeding wounds

Shall minister her medicine, and shall heal,
With touch balsamic and reviving dews,
The bitter anguish of thy throbbing breast;
Then shall her fostering care refresh thy soul
With soothing scenes, holding with thy best
thoughts
Delightful converse; and her voice shall pour
Into thy heart the magic force that steals
From Grief's slow-rankling dart the poisoned barb,
Working thy restoration; till revived,
And loosened from thy sorrows, thou shalt rise
A new replenished man, the film and slough,
That erst enclosed thee, cast and done away.

Sure 'twere a blessed lot, here, in this vale,
To loiter in sweet sadness, so the prime
Of Nature and of spring might fill the soul
With their delicious incense; or to sit,
Defended from the heat of summer suns,
By the cool shade of interposing boughs,
And taste the roving breeze.....Yet not alone
To its fresh breathings and reviving balm
Would I commit myself.....And one I know,
One gentle maid, whose mild and peaceful soul
Is swayed and tempered by the very hand
Of softness and complacency: her heart
True and obedient to the touch divine

Of Nature, and alive to every thrill
That flows from her pure influence, would own
Her magic in this vale....Oh, gentle maid!
Oh, were it granted to my longing sight
Hither to see thee bend thy graceful steps,
To watch the rising gladness of thine eyes,
The mild effusion of that chastened ray
That dawns with humid lustre, like the beam
Of dewy morn poured on the silent breast
Of the still waters!.....Yes....in thought I see
Thy kindling eye, I see the joy that dwells
In all thy inward thoughts, that speaks, display'd
In every feature; while the playful breeze,
Fanning aside thy dark-brown locks, reveals
Thy polished forehead, tranquil, and serene,
The mansion of no frown: thy dark brown locks,
Uplifted by the breeze, in gentle waves
Float on the dazzling snow of thy fair neck,
Blending its lucid white with lightest veil
Of pearly shade: I see thy rosy mouth,
Parted by such a smile as angels wear,
And thy soft cheek, suffused with all the glow
Of health and rapure; while, entranced, thine eye
Drinks the bright prospect.....Oh, that thou indeed
Wast present with me!....Thou hast learned to look
On these things with no idle ken; thy mind
Has long regarded a free intercourse

With Nature's voice as the unfailing stay
And guardian of thy feelings, as the rock,
The shield, and anchor of thy purest joys.
And therefore art thou happy....And thy mind
Is stored with sweet and pleasant images,
And made the habitation of those charms
Which thou hast seen and felt; and after days
Shall see thee feeding on the blisful thoughts
Which thou hast treasured in thy memory.

And now, farewell! thou smiling Vale, thou source
Of calm and pleasant thoughts, for this one night
Farewell, thou smiling Vale! Refreshed in heart,
And glad in spirit, with oft-loitering step
And still-reverted gaze, I quit these scenes;
Purposing, if to-morrow's sun shall shine
Upon these eyes, once more to visit thee,
Once more to breathe the freshness of thy gales,
And once more with thy magic feast my soul,
Then for a long farewell!
Yet when the coil,
The stir, and bustle of the world shall press
Heavily on my heart, and when my soul
Is sick to death of the incessant hum
And ceremonious buz of social life,
Then shall I turn with loathing from the tricks,

Fantastic freaks, and antic mummery,
That fashion forms, with quaint formality,
To manacle mankind; then shall I turn
To thee, fair smiling Vale! Thy green recess,
Thy spreading shade, thy high-embowering rocks
Shall be a cradle and soft resting-place
For my long-harassed thoughts, and thou shalt slake
My soul's hot fever, thou shalt soothe away
The fretful peevishness that on my mind
Hangs most unpleasantly.
And I will hope
That, not unprofited, I shall recall
My thoughts from their sweet travel; that the force
Of all these influences may diffuse
Throughout my blood a mild and gentle mood,
Cooling the throbs of passion....So the peace
And calm serenity of future days
Haply shall prove thy sway most fortunate.

THE

FOREST FAY.

Ἁ χρη καταvουντα μη καταφρονειν των αορατων, αλλ' εκ των γινομενων την δυναμιν αυτων καταμανθανοντα, τιμᾶν το δαιμονιον. Ξενοφ. περι Θεων.

THE

FOREST FAY.

I.

ERE sweeping torrents foam, and pour
ough forest-shades with sullen roar,
ere gathering floods pursue their way
oin the woody winding bay,
re, where if mortal feet presume
pathless wilds to tempt, or tread
dismal glens, where endless gloom
ever-during dusk is spread,
ight flitting forms and shades appear
launt the rash resolves with fear;

II.

angled boughs and brakes concealed,
re is my cavern, unrevealed

As yet to ken of human eyes;
And there the glow-worm's lamp supplies
The beam that lights my sparry dome,
And thousand fire-flies shining bright,
Have made my pleasant cave their home:
My pleasant cave they cheer with light,
Along the fretted roof they blaze,
And dart their many twinkling rays.

III.

My cavern walls, so bright and fair,
Are crusted o'er with jewels rare;
There all the treasures of the mine,
Arranged in radiant order, shine;
The flaming topaz there is seen,
The glowing ruby, sapphire blue,
The emerald there of lively green,
The opal with its changing hue;
And spiral columns stand beneath,
Bedecked with many a diamond wreath.

IV.

Each fragrant leaf and beauteous flower
Gives bloom, gives odour to my bower;

And Nature's softest, sweetest bed,
The verdant moss, beneath is spread;
And in the centre of my cave
A little silver fountain flows;
Its grassy margin while they lave,
Its waters lull me to repose,
With murmur and melodious sound,
And throw a grateful coolness round.

V.

In dewy cot or cool arcade
I rest, till twilight's welcome shade
Has veiled the welkin, till the blaze
And fervid glow of noon-tide rays
Is quenched by the soft breath of eve:
But when the night-air stirs the trees,
My loved retreat I gladly leave,
To snuff the fragrance of the breeze,
To see the western wave on fire,
To see the sun's last light expire.

VI.

I dearly love to view the beam
Of moonlight dancing on the stream,

To hear the strangely-whispered sounds,
With which the night's first hour abounds;
To hear the sweetly-warbled tune
Of nightingales, that pour their song
Beneath the cold and silent moon,
The shrubs and tangled brakes among;
Oh sweet it is, when breezes play
And cool the air, to hear their lay.

VII.

Nor less when fearful whirlwinds swell
The blast that howls through my lone dell;
When, shooting down with vivid flash,
Against the crags blue lightnings dash,
I gambol madly in the storm;
And while the shades of many a cloud
With horrid gloom the skies deform,
While torrents roar, and winds blow loud,
I frolic in the rushing rain,
And dance upon the heaving main.

VIII.

Then, as my watchful rounds I keep,
I skim the surface of the deep,

And mark where bends the labouring mast
Beneath the fury of the blast;
I see the vessel work her way
Through eddying foam; I see her plough
The rolling waves, while dashing spray
Drives o'er her sides, and hides her prow,
And, mingling with the wind's deep moan,
I hear the seaman's fearful groan.

IX.

And then, with guardian hands, I guide
The vessel steadying through the tide;
With hope the seaman's breast I fill,
And bid the stormy waves be still;
The ocean's furious rage I quell,
And bid the gentler breezes flow;
They breathe, subsiding, soon the swell
Is hushed, and smooth the waters flow:
Once more serene, old Ocean smiles,
Rejoicing with his thousand isles.

X.

And if I come too late to save
The vessel from the whelming wave,

I seek the sinking crew, I bear
The half-drowned sailor by the hair,
I row him through the briny surge
To where, with woods and green fields crownec
From Ocean's azure breast emerge
Fair smiling isles in circling round,
Then bid the tepid breezes flow,
And dry his wet locks as they blow.

XI.

Then point I out the squirrel's hoard,
Then point I out what trees afford
Safe nourishment and wholesome food
Among the treasures of the wood.
I guide to where sweet berries grow,
Where earth-nuts in the turf abound,
Where limpid rills and fresh streams flow,
And beauteous blossoms deck the ground:
And midst the thicket's maze I roam
To seek the wood-bee's nectared comb.

XII.

When thirst is slaked, and hunger gone,
When pain and weariness are flown,

I hide me in some winding shell,
And bid its lips with music swell ;
Then ditties fill the air around,
Then choral strains together rise,
Now one soft-flowing single sound
Is heard, then at a distance dies ;
That warbling is my melody,
It is the seaman's lullaby.

XIII.

At night, when thick white fogs arise,
When no star glimmers in the skies ;
When the moon huddles up her horn,
I watch the traveller forlorn ;
Lost and bewildered on his way,
He knows not where to turn, the wood
Is dark and drear, and wild dismay
And terror freeze his curdling blood :
As through the gloom his footsteps roam,
He thinks upon his cheerful home ;

XIV.

And then, when every bleeding thought
With anguish and despair is fraught,

I come to lend a friendly ray,
To light him on his dismal way:
I dissipate the mists that clog
The loaded air; the fires I call
That dance o'er moor, o'er fen, and bog;
I call them, they are present all
To do my bidding, and to lend
Their light to him whom I befriend.

XV.

Sometimes, a night-fire in each hand,
Upon his horse's neck I stand,
And thus I guide his longing eyes
To where the path, seen clearly, lies;
And oft along the mazy way,
In radiant panoply, I dance;
Around my helm bright meteors play,
A blazing meteor is my lance:
My lance and brightening helmet lend
Their light to him whom I befriend.

XVI.

But if no meteors dance about,
If all the night-fires are gone out,

And all is gloomy, thick, and dark,
I counterfeit the watch-dog's bark;
And first I strike his watchful ear[a]
As if from far, and then I pour
A dinning peal, that seems quite near;
I lead him onward with my roar
Till from some cottage seen, a light
Directs his footsteps through the night.

XVII.

Thus oft I use my friendly power:
But if in evening's dusky hour
Some crafty carl, or cheating knave,
Draws near the precincts of my cave,
I bid dun wreathing mists arise;
Dun wreathing mists soon spread around,
And hide the twilight of the skies.
Then raise I many a fearful sound,
I bid the owl's loud whoop combine
With the lone hedge-pig's sullen whine.

[a] The κτυπον διδυμα of Æschylus will surely justify the use of this expression.

XVIII.

The culprit feels his way in dread,
Creeping along with cautious tread;
Then in his ear I whistle loud,
And hurrying sounds together croud;
Deep noises follow him behind,
Which way he turns a noise is there,
It shifts about in every wind;
Frantic he grows and wild with fear:
Against his feet rolls some strange heap
And down he falls in swooning sleep.

XIX.

Or else, to lead the wretch astray,
I roll blue fen-fires in his way;
Before him on his path they glide,
As if his erring steps to guide;
Till all at once their flames go out,
Then with swift whirl, and dazzling light,
They tumble round, and whiz about,
Then scatter wide, then re-unite;
And many a sad and weary round
They lead through mire and plashy ground.

XX.

lse I lead him to and fro,
:re thorny brakes and brambles grow,
in some quagmire fixt at last,
eedy fen, I leave him fast;
ı hissing snakes his arms confine
ı strict embrace, and round him draw
r icy scales in sinuous twine,
warty newts his fingers gnaw;
le in his ear the owlet sings,
flaps him with her heavy wings.

XXI.

ı oft, in evening's dusky hour,
to exercise my power;
re the pirate on the flood,
;ht the robber in the wood;
if, defiled by dark deceit,
·ession, avarice, or fraud,
ɜ wretch approaches my retreat,
d my elfin sprites abroad;
ı speed my elfin sprites obey,
fly to haunt him in his way:

XXII.

I bid the rain in torrents pour,
I bid the mighty whirlwinds roar;
They roar, the rocking forest groans,
The glens resound with hollow moans;
Seen by the blood-red lightning's flash,
Fast flitting shades, that substance seem,
Rush through the storm, and madly dash
Where caverns yawn, where foams the stream;
While, by the red bolt's glare descried,
Each gaping gulph appears more wide.

XXIII.

Then, when despair and horror roll
Their mingled tempest o'er his soul,
I give dark visions of the night,
And hideous phantoms, to his sight;
Then fiendish faces with fixt stare
Pass on before him; thousand eyes
Are fast on him with ghastly glare,
Around, above, below, they rise,
And, though they fill him with dismay,
He cannot turn his face away.

XXIV.

)ft, quick whirling round, a flood
lling fire, like seas of blood,
:s out at once; a goblin rout
ı to and fro, and in and out;
coil about in wreaths like snakes,
swarm thick-clustering in the light,
dash the fire about in flakes,
skirmish with well-mimicked fight;
oft the fire-flood shifts its hue,
n, purple, yellow, red, or blue.

XXV.

now with gentle flow they glide
azes through the blazing tide,
ı all at once they hurry about,
ı winding course and bustling rout;
better far it is to die
ı see those faces grim and sad,
:e is a terror in their eye
urn who looks upon them mad;
though red flames these shapes enfold,
ir skins seem slippery, moist, and cold.

XXVI.

But if my spell-fraught wand I rear
The charm dissolves, they disappear;
Then thickest darkness reigns around,
And silence broken by no sound,
A silence, hushed and still as death,
That makes the heart for fear beat fast;
Then throbs the pulse, the very breath
Suspended pauses; all aghast
Stands the lost wretch: no fearful sound
So fearful as that pause is found.

XXVII.

And then, at once I bid a groan,
Just like some death-sound, rise alone,
And soon a distant glimmering light
Shines dimly through the murky night,
It burns with blue sulphureous sheen;
On either side the gloom retires,
Then hideous forms are plainly seen
Walking around infernal fires;
Full in the midst a caldron stands,
In which they plunge red hissing brands.

XXVIII.

The fierce flames curl and lick its side,
With crusted blood and mixt smoke dyed;
The caldron boils, it bubbles loud,
Its steams rise up in many a cloud,
Then, then begin the rites abhorred
Practised by those who league with hell;
The rites begin, with one accord
Those fiendish forms pronounce their spell;
One look, one motion have they all,
And with one sound their voices call.

XXIX.

But who to mortal ear shall tell
Those horrid rites, that cursed spell?
No mortal tongue those rites has told,
No mortal eye can long behold
Those sights that spirits dread to see;
Nor long can man's weak mind sustain
The dreadful weight of agony
With which these things oppress the brain;
In pity then I raise my wand,
All melts in air at my command.

XXX.

This is the way in which my power
Is exercised in night's still hour;
And though I rather choose my cave
Where all the forest-giants wave
Thickest their branches, yet I find
A path through ocean, earth, and air....
Not to one element confined,
I traverse all, all own my care:
The wicked own my power with dread,
But virtue smiles where'er I tread.

XXXI.

Mortal! thou who hear'st my strain,
Keep thy dealings free from stain,
Keep thy conscience pure and clean,
Or be not near my cavern seen.
But if no dark dishonest deed
Has tainted thy fair fame, my lay,
My oft-heard lay shall be thy meed,
While thus shall sing the FOREST FAY:
" Mortal, thou who hear'st my strain,
" Keep thy dealings free from stain."

TO THE

POWERS OF FANCY.

Oh ye wild Powers of Fancy! from whom springs
  Whate'er of rapture or of bliss adorns
The bloom of youth; ye whose ambrosial wings
  Shower down life's blessings, but withhold its
    thorns,

Still may your dear illusions o'er my soul
  Their soothing empire hold, still o'er the course
Of each fine nerve in quick vibrations roll,
  And tinge each young idea in its source.

What though cold Apathy would curb your sway,
  Would chase your sweet delirium from my breast;
Still may that breast your soft controul obey,
  Still in your visionary flights be blest.

Let others boast their bosoms never knew
The phantasies with which your thraldom teems;
Let others their unvaried course pursue;
For me....my heart your sway a blessing deems.

Oft has your influence led, my feet have strayed
Through dells enlightened by the moon's pale beam,
Have sought the silence of the pathless glade,
The vaulted rock, or long-resounding stream.

Then would the murmurs of the passing wind,
That breathed, soft sighing, through the rustling sprays,
Create strange feelings in my melting mind,
And lead my ravished thoughts through many a maze.

Then would the cataract's impetuous sound
Exalt my soul, as down its rifted bed
It drove unceasing, and my feet would bound,
As if upborn by wings, with loftier tread.

Sweet were ye, dreams of Fancy, when my soul
First felt the bosom-spring of young desire,
When first Love's dear enchantment o'er me stole,
And every pulse confessed his thrilling fire.

Then first did Hope unveil her laughing eyes,
And promise sunshine to my future years;
But ah! with Hope came mingled tears, and sighs,
And fond anxieties, and chilling fears.

Then Love was all to me; all nature round
Seemed full of Love; in every leaf and flower
Something congenial with his flame I found,
Some apt memorial of his wide-spread power.

Oft as I shunned the busy haunts of care,
And roamed through glens and forest-glooms, each sound
That floated buoyant on the wings of air
Within my breast an answering echo found.

And now, while undiminished through my frame
Glows the fierce fire, and burns in every pore,
Still join your genial influence to the flame,
And add some new-born charm unknown before.

"Oh ye wild Powers of Fancy! from whom springs
Whate'er of rapture or of bliss adorns
The bloom of youth, ye whose ambrosial wings
Shower down life's blessings, but withhold its thorns,

Let others boast their bosoms never knew
The phantasies with which your thraldom teems,
Let others their unvaried course pursue;
For me....my heart your sway a blessing deems."

SONNETS.

SONNET.

Oh, sovereign Nature! thou whose sacred sway
Softens the rugged heart; by thee beguiled,
The soul new-moulds its essence; soft and mild
Is the sweet influence that soothes away
Each jarring discord: thou with thy sweet play
Of forms and tints, waters, and thickets wild,
So strongly workest on thy wayward child,
That, conquered, all his soul receives thy ray.
For me....though many a tear bedews these eyes,
Yet view they not untouched the glorious sun,
That sets in floods of fire the azure skies,
Or ocean stream; and something have I won
From Nature's beauties that may bid me shun
The storms of grief, and soften all my sighs.

SONNET.

ON HEARING AN EOLIAN HARP.

SURE 'tis the voice of choired saints that flows
Along the billows of the softened breeze....
And now, in falls and dying symphonies,
So sweet it glides, that forth my rapt soul goes
To join those hymnings, ta'en from all her woes.
Yet once more, and once more, ye minstrelsies
Of power, my stormy spirit to appease,
With some dissolving dream my thoughts compose....
Again your strains float, sinking on the wind,
Soft, wild, and mournful all; now melt away,
Faintly perceived, like some expiring ray
Of memory that trembles o'er the mind,
Lovely in its departure, still enshrined
As the blest relic of a happy day.

SONNET.

TO THE EOLIAN HARP.

WILD Lyre, that speakest to the heart! whose airs
Breathe under fingers of no mortal mould,
Oft has my restless spirit been controuled
By thy soft soothings; cheated by thy snares,
Awhile my soul forgot her wonted cares,
And lay quite lost in music's mazy fold:
Then, oh how sweet! the blissful moments rolled
In ectasies my breast no longer shares;
And I could weep to think that all in vain,
Waked by the breeze, thy transient warblings flow;
For now the sharp and louder power of woe
Hath smote unto my heart; and thy soft strain
Little avails to chase away the pain
That my torn bosom evermore must know.

SONNET.

NEAR LLANDYSILLO, ON THE DEE.

DEVA! when led by Nature's spells, I stray
Where through lone dells thy sounding waters roam,
And dash their dark rock with their silver foam,
Then, if the winds in eddies toss thy spray,
Or rock those mouldering oaks, that many a day
Thy banks have shaded; not the gorgeous dome,
The splendid hall, nor, dearer far, my home,
My own dear home, shall win me from the sway
Of that wild ecstacy that reconciles
The chastened mind to sorrow, and imbues
Each thought with tenderness.....Alike with smiles,
And frowns sublime, Nature the soul subdues;
Nor less her savage grandeur grief beguiles,
Than dales, green meads, blue rills, and sunny hues.

SONNET.

AT BARMOUTH.

FREED from the couch of sickness, grief, and pain,
Hither the fainting sufferer comes, to lave
In the cool freshness of the bracing wave
His languid limbs; if so he may regain
The thousand blessings that compose the train
Of rosy health.....And oh! if aught can save
From the dark precincts of the gloomy grave,
Barmouth! 'tis thee and all thy sylvan reign;
Wild are thy rocks, sublime thy mountains rise,
White are the sails beneath thy suns that glide,
Sweet are the sounds that steal across thy tide,
Balmy are all thy gales, and fair thy skies.
But, ah! with thee can I forget my sighs?
Will the sharp pangs that rend my heart subside?

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SONNET.

ON CONTEMPLATING THE HARVEST-MOON.

Cloudless and full the Moon her radiance throws
O'er hill and vale; rock, tree, and crystal stream
Catch the mild radiance of her yellow gleam,
And fair and lovely all the landscape shows;
Sweet, sweet and balmy is the breeze that blows,
Waving the golden harvest....The fields team,
And glad the heart of man. Oh Moon! thy beam
Cheers the exulting swain; his rapture flows
That all his whispered hopes were not in vain.
And blithe, and cheerily, with shout and song,
With dance and jubilee, the rural throng
Follows beneath thy ray the loaded wain.....
Oh! sweet it is to hear the jocund strain,
And the soft echoes that its sounds prolong.

SONNET.

Ah why, deluding Hope! ah why so bright
Is thy sweet sunshine to our senses shown?
Why o'er the distant prospect hast thou thrown
So fair the dazzling radiance of thy light,
If, when its rays fond thoughts of joy excite,
If, when its warmth our kindling bosoms own,
Away at once both warmth and light are flown,
And dark and drear succeeds Grief's dismal night?
Ah, cruel Hope! fair in my life's gay morn,
Fair didst thou gild one beauteous blossom's bloom;
And I rejoiced the while; nor feared the doom
That now has left my rest of life forlorn,
That now has left me here to weep, and mourn
Her that lies buried in the silent tomb.

SONNET.

Ah who shall bid the breeze of evening blow
To fan my throbbing temples? who shall bring
From the clear well of some perennial spring
(Whence living waters trickle with sweet flow)
Cold chrystal drops, to cool the fervid glow
That kills my heart with more than scorpion sting?
Who o'er my breast the dews of night shall fling
And bid my soul her long-lost calmness know?
Still mourn, my soul! and be thou still content,
Joyless amid the joyous, o'er thy grief
To brood in sadness: then, if sharp, yet brief
Will be thy pangs; soon will their force be spent;
And thou hast learnt, if Time no cure has lent,
To court one friend that brings thee sure though slow relief.

SONNET.

TO A FLOWERING SHRUB....IN WINTER.

How art thou changed, once-blooming tree! when last
Amid these paths I gave my feet to stray,
Cherished by gales, and showers, and summer's ray.
Fair didst thou flourish.....But thy hour is past;
And, scattered by the fury of the blast,
Thy blushing flowers the gift of rosy May,
Thy buds, and verdant leaves, are whirled away,
And all thy honours to the earth are cast....
Ah! yet a little, and the breath of spring
Shall crown thee with fresh flowers; again shall bring
Fragrance to thy young buds, and new-born bloom,
Again shall fan thee with propitious wing.
But oh! what spring shall dawn upon the gloom
That *dwells* around the cold and silent tomb!

SONNET.

Oh bliss, how dearly prized! Once more enchain
My weary soul; return, O Sleep, and shed
Thy dews upon my eyelids; round my head
Bid thy light visions float in airy train,
And foremost that enchantress bring again.
Oh bring her clad in smiles, and round her spread
The softened grace, the meekness that has fed
The flames of love, and bowed me to her reign.
Then come, sweet Sleep, to my fond soul be shown
That beauteous vision, smiling sweet and fair,
And banished from my pillow grief and care:
Too much of these my waking hours have known;
Ah why do those soft smiles but bless my dreams!
Why fly they when the early morning beams!

SONNET.

AT HARLECH CASTLE.

HARLECH! with many a pause and cautious tread
I climb thy walls; while, wafted from the main
With low wail, as of one long racked by pain,
Through thy lone towers the breezes sigh; its head
The long lank grass that o'er thy tops is spread
Waves wildly; thy hoar ruins show how vain
Conquest's proud pageant, victory's lofty strain,
And the prized wreath that shades the hero's head.
Thy walls are mouldering; for the clanging steel
And din of arms, the murm'ring mountain bee,
Humming amid the wild flowers that conceal
Thy turret tops, shall give her minstrelsy;
And Mercy smiles, e'en in thy courts, to see
The waving harvest all its stores reveal.

SONNET.

AT CONWAY CASTLE.

Ye towers that lift your aged brows sublime,
The mark of tempests; many a future day
Shall give you to my mind when far away:
Then, as bright Fancy leads me, I shall climb
Your tufted walls, scathed by the hand of time;
Haply her magic pencil may pourtray
Your festive halls, as when in proud array
Chiefs shared the banquet; then the forceful rhyme,
The song of bards, the wild harp's glowing strain,
Shall pass before me. Yet your blazing halls,
Your pristine grandeur, touch not like your walls,
With ivy crowned, and dashed with many a stain.
Ah! sacred are the thoughts that on me rise,
As through your mouldering towers the blast of
even'ng sighs.

SONNET.

SPURIOUS.

DIM is the beam of morning; and the blast
Scatters the ocean surge; the wild waves roar,
In tumult lost, and down the troubled shore
The spirit of the storm in clouds hath passed.
High o'er the deep the foam careering rides;
Thick flashing through the air red lightnings play,
Gleaming athwart the gloom, and tinge the spray
With dismal splendour: yet to-morrow's tides
May steal along in stillness; then once more
The sparkling wave with orient light shall stream,
Once more the morn shall smile serene, and pour
On all her freshening dew and golden beam.
But ah! what calm can lull with sweet controul
The tempest that so long hath vexed my soul?

SONNET.

Oh! breathe once more that air; Oh! yet bid sound
Once more that well-remembered much-loved lay,
First heard by me when in life's golden May
My happy hours danced on in laughing round;
There where, through verdant banks with poplar crowned,
Smooth Wever steals along his silent way,
Winding in many a maze with sinuous play;
Near whose cool wave, as on the flowery ground
Supine I lay, those sounds first charmed my ear.
Yet once more breathe that air beloved so well;
For oh! each note that sounds is a strong spell
To call up sweet remembrance, to endear
Some long-past day, and place before my soul
Her from whose lips the warbled lay first stole.

SONNET.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

Thou precious Ringlet! all that now is mine
Of one so dearly loved! that oft hast blessed
With soft and soothing thoughts my anxious breast!
Once more I ope with trembling hands the shrine
In which fond care hath guarded thee. Still shine
Thy dark brown tints; time has not dispossessed
The soft hairs of their gloss....Oh, oft caressed!
Oh, dear memorial of that form divine!
Thou, 'midst the pangs of absence, canst impart
Soft-whispering hopes, lull with a flattering dream
The wild emotions of my throbbing heart,
And calm away each passion's rude extreme;
And, led by thee, my rapt thoughts fondly stray
With her from whom I wander far away.

SONNET.

Oh, verdant tree! whose cool and dewy shade
Was wont at even-tide my soul to cheer,
When at my side she whom my soul holds dear
Sat smiling like a cherub....then I strayed
Through fields of fancied bliss; the meads displayed
New beauties to my eyes; and all the year
Clothed in new glories shone....so much the maid
Nature and Nature's bounties could endear:
Such thoughts the breeze recalls that in thy sprays
Sighs mournfully; to me it speaks of days,
Of long past peace, of those delightful years
That never shall return, when all my tears
Were tears of joy. And ah! it now conveys
Sad bodings to my mind, and gloomy fears.

TO LYDIA.

Those lips to mine are pressed in vain,
In vain, false fair, those arms enfold me;
Thy lavished charms no more retain
The powerful spells they had to hold me.

Though red the rose that on thy lip,
With dewy odours bathed, is glowing,
I will not drink where all may sip,
Whence sweets to all alike are flowing.

The form that yields to all its sweets,
To me can ne'er be worth caressing,
And, if thy heart for numbers beats,
Oh tell me, is it worth possessing?

Then fare thee well, and let us part,
Since my short dream of Love is over;
I have but lost a thing of art,
While thou hast lost a faithful lover.

Which will the greatest loss sustain
I know not, but I feel full dearly
That thou wilt never find again
A heart to love thee so sincerely.

Once more farewell, so let us part;
For me, I ever must regret thee;
For time can never teach my heart,
Though thou art faithless, to forget thee.

Ah no! I do but boast in vain
That love is from thy bosom banished;
For while I speak I feel thy chain,
And all my doubts of thee have vanished.

Still smile, and I will think that now
On me alone those lips are smiling;
Flatter, nor will I think that thou
My simple heart art still beguiling.

Let but that rosy lip once more
  Yield to my lip its fragrant treasure,
And I'll forget that from that store
  Another draws large draughts of pleasure.

Oh pour on me those floods of light
  That from thy radiant eye are streaming!
I will not dream that eye so bright
  For any eye but mine is beaming.

And ah! if soft and painless sighs
  Thy bosom move with gentle motion,
As the light summer air bids rise
  In lightest waves the peaceful ocean,

My bosom then shall fondly swell,
  Nor will I in thy sighs discover
That all thy softest wishes dwell
  With some more highly-favoured lover.

Then say no hand but mine shall press
  That hand, or touch the charms I sigh for,
That I alone shall e'er possess
  The love that I would gladly die for;

And oh how happy wilt thou be,
  If thou, while thus with vows deceiving,
Hast half the bliss that flows to me,
  While hearing thee, and while believing.

THE

IVY-SEAT.

Tamen ego illa moveor exedra.....a sedeque ipsa desiderari illam vocem puto. CICERO, Lib. v. de Finibus. Proem.

Ah what may be the secret spell
That bids my heart so fondly swell
Whene'er I pass that ivy-seat!
While lingers my reverted eye
About those beeches, wherefore fly
The life-drops through my frame with quickening beat?

Is not that seat like others made,
With moss like others overlaid,
Like others fenced with ivy round?
Are not those trees like other trees?
Or, when it fans them, does the breeze,
Pour through their branches an unusual sound?

Yes....other seats like that I've seen
Girt with a tangled ivy-skreen,
  Their crooked arms with ivy bound;
Those beeches are like other trees,
And, as it passes by, the breeze
  Pours through their branches no unusual sound.

Then wherefore, when I pass that seat,
Throbs every pulse with quickening beat?
  Why is my hand upon my heart?
Why do I watch with eager gaze
The trembling of those beechen sprays?
  Why linger here, unwilling to depart?

There is a maid, a gentle maid,
A dweller in the woodland shade,
  Who loves that seat with ivy bound:
Her arm has many a time reclined
Upon that branch so intertwined
  With tangled wreaths, and stems that curl around.

And once, it was a pleasant day,
The sweetest of a jocund May,
  And thousand blossoms bloomed the while
When, on that ivy-seat reclined,
To peace and softness all my mind
  I rendered up, most happy in her smile.

Then, as the gentle maid stood near
And bent on me her looks, then clear
The blackbird sung; perched on a spray
Of yon tall beech he sweetly sung;
The maid with mute attention hung
On every note that sounded in his lay.

And that sweet warbling, in her face
Called up a new and lively grace,
That warbling moulded every look;
And feelings born of sound bid rise
Soft radiance in her kindling eyes,
And all her frame with sweet emotion shook.

Then in each feature I could see
The workings of that sympathy,
The silent joy that o'er her stole.
Then still I sat, no word I spoke,
No sound or motion from me broke
That might disturb the quiet of her soul.

And when the bird had sung his lay,
He left the beech's topmost spray,
And as he flew he chattered shrill;
Yet still her eyes the maiden raised
To yon tall beech, yet still she gazed
As though the bird sat there and warbled still.

Smiling, her rosy lips she stirred,
As though she whispered; yet no word
  Could I perceive, or whispered speech;
And when at length I softly spoke,
My voice her trance of pleasure broke,
  And then her eyes she turned from yon tall beech.

And oh, the look! when from that tree
At length she turned her eyes on me!
  That look may never pass away;
E'en now it works upon my mind,
And in its magic I shall find
  Subject and food for many a future day.

Therefore though many a silent nook
Among the hazels by the brook,
  In dingle or sequestered grove;
Though many a grot and silent dell
I know, where mossy couches swell,
  Oh, far beyond them all, that seat I love.

When there I sit, some secret power
Keeps me fast chained from hour to hour;
  I cannot tear myself away;
When I would rise, some winning thought,
With force of subtlest magic fraught,
  Fixes me down, and holds me with its sway.

And therefore when I pass that seat,
Throbs every pulse with quickening beat;
  Therefore my hand is on my heart;
Therefore I watch with eager gaze
The trembling of those beechen sprays,
  And linger here unwilling to depart.

THE

DEPARTURE.

WINGED with speed, the feet that bore me
From thy presence, Mary, flew;
Yet thy form was still before me,
Smiling still it blessed my view.

Sweetly, sweetly round me blowing,
Breathed the freshening breeze of morn;
And in gentle murmurs flowing,
Waved the fields of yellow corn.

Not for me the wild breeze blowing
Murmured sweetly as it blew;
In my ear thy voice was flowing,
Still I heard thy last adieu.

Round my heart those accents playing
Like soft music o'er me stole,
And, each troubled thought allaying,
Calmed the tumult of my soul.

On I journeyed....Proudly glowing
Rose the sun with fervid ray;
Fierce he rose, on all bestowing
Equal heat and equal day.

Some there are, proud day-star, burning
Like thy hot meridian skies;
Who, each fire-fraught glance returning,
Dart keen lightnings from their eyes.

Ah! let those whose warm blood dances
Wildly through their feverish frames,
Dart on all their fiery glances,
Pour on all ungoverned flames.

Mary! no ungentle splendour
Under thy dark eye-lid streams,
But thy glances, chaste and tender,
Shine with soft and tempered beams,

Soft as silver light, descending
O'er the clear lake's azure breast,
When the moon, her mild rays blending,
Lulls the soul and charms to rest,

Home I came....Green bowers o'erspreading
Fenced me from the sun's hot glare;
Flowerets bloomed around me, shedding
Nectared fragrance through the air.

Roses there, with jasmines blended,
Hung like garlands to the ground;
From those bowers a gale ascended,
Wafting odours all around.

Not for me those blossoms blended
Hung like garlands to the ground,
Not for me that gale ascended,
Wafting odours all around.

Still my senses placed before them
Sweets no blossoms could bestow.
What those sweets were, whence I bore them,
Mary! thou alone shalt know.

LOVE ALARMED.

Nursed in the lap of languid ease
The flames of love more fiercely glow,
Long leisure feeds the soft disease,
And bids the sweet infection grow.

With vigour rouse thy torpid soul,
The fond delusion wouldst thou fly,
Action and arms Love's spells controul,
And overpower his feeble cry.

When round the Thracian God her arms
The smiling queen of beauty throws,
When he, inclining o'er her charms,
The faulchion and the spear foregoes,

Then Love protects his mother's bower,
And guards each avenue with care;
While amorous spells, formed by his power,
Impregnate all the ambient air.

Then with new force his shafts fly round,
New votaries then before him kneel;
Then too, in stronger fetters bound,
New fires, new pangs, his captives feel.

At length when, satiate with the joy,
Stern Mars resumes his glittering spear,
And bids to arms, the coward boy
Spreads his light wings and flies in fear.

TO LYDIA.

Away! these arts no more shall hold me,
Hence with those insidious charms;
Those smiles are vain, then cease to fold me
In the twinings of thy arms.

And once more hop'st thou to detain me
By thy blandishments and wiles?
Ah no! Deceit no more shall chain me,
Feigned sighs nor studied smiles.

Believ'st thou I will wear a fetter
Forged by folly and by pride?
Fair Mischief! learn to know me better,
Be thy spells on others tried.

Yet once again could I believe thee,
Once more would'st thou wrong my love;
And shall my heart again receive thee,
Perfidy once more to prove?

Yet now, when thus compelled to leave thee
Let me from reproach refrain;
Not in our parting would I grieve thee,
Nor inflict a moment's pain.

And if those tears are true, my anguish
Soon shall more than equal thine;
And if those eyes sincerely languish,
Tears unfeigned shall flow from mine.

TO

A FRIEND REMONSTRATING.

Ah! chide me not if yet once more
I seek that love long sought in vain;
Nor blame me if, while I adore,
My vows are answered with disdain.

Yes, I confess 'tis poor, 'tis weak
To droop, to sit with folded arms,
To bear a fever in my cheek,
And sorrow for an ingrate's charms.

Yet let me still my cares retain,
Still droop, with folded arms still sigh;
Nor mock me that I still remain
The willing captive of her eye.

For Love, with all his keenest smart
Divine enchantment mingles still;
And, while he fires the conquered heart,
He charms with many a pleasing thrill.

And tortured thus, thus doomed to mourn,
I still must feed this cherished grief,
And could my peace once more return,
My heart would scorn the poor relief.

Then chide me not, if yet once more
I seek that love long sought in vain;
Nor blame me if, while I adore,
My vows are answered with disdain.

TO

A LADY SINGING.

O CAN that heart untouched remain
By all Love's pleasure, all Love's pain,
When, while thou sing'st another's woes,
Thy cheek with deeper crimson glows;
When, as thou wak'st the feeling strain,
Through every clear translucent vein
That strays amid thy forehead's snow
The streams of life more swiftly flow;
When, mixed with many a passioned sigh,
On [redacted] lips the accents die;
When sweeter languors, softer dews,
Close twin bright orbs of light suffuse?

And I have seen thy bosom's snow
Throb with the luxury of woe;
And I have marked the' impassioned glance
That speaks the soul's delicious trance;
And felt the poison of thine eye;
And drank the magic of thy sigh.
And, as the sweet infection stole
Through all my veins, and fired my soul,
I wished one timid glance might tell
How deep I felt the subtile spell.
Then, Lady, sing of love again;
And while thou wak'st the feeling strain,
While, mixed with many a passioned sigh,
Upon thy lips the accents die,
And while again thy bosom's snow
Throbs with the luxury of woe,
O pour on me the thrilling glance
That speaks the soul's delicious trance.
And if I dare one look to steal,
That look shall tell thee all I feel;
And, Lady, then thine altered eye
Shall feed my hopes, or bid them die.

A

FIRST VIEW OF THE WORLD.

Ου μεντοι μα Δια κεκαλλιεπημενως γε λογως (ὡσπερ οἱ τυτων) ῥημασι τε και ονομασιν, ωδε κεκοσμημενως, αλλ' ακηκοασθε εικῆ λεγομενα τοις επιτυχουσιν ονομασι· ΠΙΣΤΕΥΩ ΓΑΡ ΔΙΚΑΙΑ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΤΑ ΛΕΓΩ.

PLATO, APOL. SOC.

A

FIRST VIEW OF THE WORLD.

FAR from those green retreats, that peaceful shade,
Those fields through which my early childhood strayed,
Far from the vale beneath whose poplars glide
The smooth meanders of still Wever's tide,
How pants my soul 'midst Revelry's rude noise,
'Midst Dissipation's round, for gentler joys,
For holy calms that dwell in silent dales,
Nursed by soft sounds, and fed by murmuring gales!
And thou, Lorenzo, candid and sincere,
Thou whom of Heaven's dear boons I hold most dear,
From whose prized friendship and sweet converse flow
The purest joys my grateful heart can know,

Dost thou not ask, through what gay pleasures bend
The wandering footsteps of thy absent friend?
If still this heart, to Nature's impulse true,
Retains the taste of those soft joys it knew
When scenes of peace and gentleness impressed
A kindred feeling on my tranquil breast?

Ah me, my friend! how vain the wish to find
Joy in the painful study of mankind!
Once, lured by flattering hopes, I fondly deemed
The book of man with crowded beauties teemed;
Then too the wild enthusiast, Fancy, drew
Scenes bright and fair, too lovely to be true;
For Fraud, and Pride, and Avarice, and Rage,
And Lust, and Jealousy, defile the page;
Stretch their long trains, and scarce leave vacant space
For one short trait of Virtue or of Grace.
Already sickening o'er the loathsome scene
Where Vice and Folly all their powers convene,
I sigh for some retreat, some secret cell,
Whence I may bid the stormy world farewell,
Bless the kind heaven that bears me to the shore,
And swear to tempt the dangerous waves no more.
How sweet, my friend, how pleasant were those hours
We shared together in our native bowers,

When, wandering with light feet the woods among,
We first essayed our imitative song,
Formed plans of future happiness and joy,
And fondly deemed life's gold had no alloy.
Then all was fair; our inexperienced eyes
Knew not to pierce of craft the close disguise;
Bright shone the world with beauties not its own,
And man was fair, for man was then unknown.
Oh dear Experience, thou whom man can gain
Only by bosom-sorrow, tears, and pain,
Already, Power unerring, has thy sway
Shown to my early years how idly gay,
How empty the romantic dreams of youth,
And how they fade before the touch of Truth.

Oh ye mistaken! whose too partial sight
Views man encompassed but by virtue's light,
Who, nursed 'mid groves, and shades, and murmuring streams,
As yet have breathed where nought but beauty beams;
Who think, because his paths you never trod,
Man beauteous as the other works of God!
Like you I hoped, how vain that hope! to find
Goodness unmixed and virtue in mankind,
Nursed the good-natured folly in my breast,
Nor dreamed I nursed a foe to future rest.

Short was my sojourn in this busy world
Ere from these high-flown hopes my heart was hurled;
Truth rent the vail, dispelled the circling shade,
And man in all his horrors stood displayed.

Though Pride and Power, vain-glorious and elate,
With vaunting tongue their fancied joys relate,
Derive from wealth and show a gaudy blaze,
And dazzle foolish eyes with gold's false rays,
Yet deem those joys but feigned and insincere;
Where shall joy come, if virtue is not there?
The humble swain that from the stubborn soil
Earns his hard fare by sweat and ceaseless toil,
If Virtue's sacred fire within his breast
Burns clear and bright, lives then more fully blest
Than he whose heart, to Virtue's charms unknown,
Builds all its hopes of bliss on Power alone.
But now examine we with nearer eyes
Those joys that Pride and Power so highly prize;
Then let us ask how far their taste excels
The placid pleasure that with Virtue dwells.
Thee, Clodius, to the public bar I call,
By thee the cause I plead shall stand or fall:
Then come thou forth to public view displayed,
Come forth in colours all thine own arrayed;

Strip off thy gilded trappings for a while,
The wealth, the rank, the state that fools beguile;
Off with them all, stand forth without disguise,
That all may see thee with undazzled eyes!
Thee not by Truth or Virtue I adjure,
By Fame unsullied, Honour bright and pure,
By Candour, Charity, or honest pride,
By aught to nobleness of soul allied,
By aught that good and virtuous men adore;
Know'st thou the names of these? thou know'st no more.
Oh old in shame and baseness which in vain
Scoundrels in little labour to obtain!
Oh rich in infamy! oh meanly great,
And poor in all the pageantry of state!
Though wealth, that knows no limits, o'er thee flings
All the false glare and splendour wealth e'er brings,
Though rank its honours adds, though round thee shine
Titles and names ne'er infamous till thine,[a]
Say, have thy wealth, thy titles, and thy power,
E'en in thy fortune's most propitious hour,
E'er bribed one tongue that yet could condescend
To hail thee by the sacred name of friend?

[a] "A name glorious till yours." JUNIUS.

One cringing flatterer that would swell his lays
With the poor pomp of highly-purchased praise?
Where are the arts that bless thy fostering hand,[a]
The sparks of genius that thy breath has fanned?

[a] This question might be put generally. The patronage afforded in this country is not conducted upon principles conducive to the true and permanent interests of the arts. I speak of painting in particular.....Much as such men as Macklin and the Boydells may have done, and much as we have been astonished by the splendour with which in England the art at once emerged from an obscurity below mediocrity, we are to recollect that the patronage which made the great masters both of Greece and Italy pour forth the stores of a sublime genius, was not given by speculators, or men who were eventually to put money into their own pockets.

The Society for discouraging (pshaw! for encouraging) Arts and Sciences cannot boast of liberality, at least, in one instance: that Society "cannot," as Mr. Tresham has said, "be accused of generosity in its conduct towards the Ex-professor, Mr. Barry." I wish not to be thought merely paradoxical when I say that the series of paintings by that artist in the Adelphi is a glorious disgrace to the nation. It is to be lamented that the peculiarities of Mr. B.'s disposition should have been so detrimental to the interests of an art which his talents are eminently calculated to advance, as to occasion him to be neglected, and to deprive his opinions of that weight and influence to which they are intrinsically entitled: he knows the true interests of the art; and if his mode of thinking was more prevalent, we should not see our artists

Say, has thy wealth e'er shed one cheering ray
O'er drooping Science, or the Muse's lay?
Say, has the power of Music's melting strain
Assailed thy heart, and not assailed in vain?
Yes, oft the public eye has seen thy face
Amid the gay frequenters of the place

reduced to the cruel necessity of ministering to the vitiated taste of the age, while it is their province to direct it, and to lead it, and of degrading themselves to the rank of manufacturers of gaudy prints, fit only to decorate the walls of a dressing room, or to beautify a fan or a fire screen.

As for our nobles in general, though some of them will at times order a set of Venuses or naked Nymphs to deck a boudoir, or give their features to be pourtrayed for the admiration of succeeding generations; they seem cold-blooded in the service of modern art....yet, because they would not hesitate to give thousands for a painting by one of the old masters, they think that they may properly arrogate to themselves the honourable title of patrons of the art.....There is policy undoubtedly in the preference given to paintings that bear a well established price; they may be transferred at least without loss, and often with gain, to another possessor; a Titian, a Correggio, a Raffaelle is sterling gold, but there may be hazard in purchasing the works of modern artists, as they have no fixed or determined value stamped upon them.

His Majesty has done every thing for the art that his countenance, friendship, and private purse could effect.

Where all stern British feelings melt away
To the soft trilling of an Eunuch's lay.[a]
There oft times thou art seen with lustful eye
To pry around, if haply thou may'st spy

[a] With all due deference to the cognoscenti engrossing with fierce jealousy the foremost seats of the pit in the opera house, and particularly with proper respect to the noble arch-critic so conspicuous in their ranks; I shall take the liberty of recommending to their notice a passage from a very sensible and spirited writer, which may be applied to our Metropolis as properly as either to Constantinople or to Ispahan. "Disonorano l'uome ragionevole le profusione che hanno per oggetto, o un vano dilettamento, o cose da nulla. A chi di noi non reca indegnazione il sentir'gli starvaganti onori e richezze che su gli Eunuchi si spargano a larghe mani in Constantinopoli ed Ispahan? Qual Bassa qual Mollack a vicenda non ci credera degni di compassione, tra noi vedendo musici possessori di feudi, cantatrici gareggiar d'opulenza co'primi nobili, che *si fan gloria di rovinarsi per esser loro adoratori*; mentre l'artefice e il letterato oppresso e mendico giace nel oscurita? Non invidio agli oziosi il loro passatempo; dico soltanto, che si nuoce piu con situar male le recompense che con supprimerle" *Dragonetti delle Virtu e de' Premj.* (Madame Banti might well think the favour of the public worth contending for, and even worth pulling caps for....Poor Vinci!). This passage is entitled to the attention of all patrons of the Signors and Signoras that swarm in the Metropolis, "sliding their smooth semibreves and gargling glib-divisions in their outlandish throats." The friends of Viotti can best say whether I should do well *to give* all the words of Sheridan here.

Amid the throng some pure fresh blooming maid[a]
In modesty and innocence arrayed;
Then, if no brother's watchful care defends
Her beauty, if no guardian sire attends,
Straight thy hot glance is bold, the wanton leer,
In which both impudence and lust appear,
Offends her eye; in vain aside she turns,
In vain with virtuous indignation burns;
Thou coward! canst enjoy a woman's pain,
Triumph on every blush, then leer again.
'Tis the same cause that leads thee to display
Thy loathsome person to the eye of day,
When to the public walks in motley throng
Gay nymphs and flaunting damsels troop along;
Chaired in thy balcony in goatish pride
(Some parasite or pimp fixed by thy side)
Still thou art found, still seen with wanton eye
To mark each female form that passes by;
Then, for the stern critique!.....Thy learned taste
Scans every feature, deems that eye ill placed,

[a] Even here, in the place in which the relatives, the wives, and daughters of the lords and commons of our united kingdoms assemble, even amongst, upon, and around the very seats appropriated to them, I cannot cry in the words of Dante,

..... Via,
Roffian! qui non son femine da conio!

This nose not finely turned, that lip too thin,
And with importance damns a faulty chin.
Nor stops thy judgment here; profane and bold,
Thy hot mind penetrates the muslin's fold!
The close-drawn vest, the robe's surrounding fence,
Oppose no barrier to thy impudence;
For vest, and robe alike, and sacred lawn,
By thy lascivious thoughts aside are drawn;
Then thy soul revels, filthy and unclean,
'Mid thousand charms, conjectured, though unseen:[a]
And who shall dare to doubt thy judgment, graced
By all the elegance of purest taste,
Formed as it is on many a treasured rule
Drawn from the precepts of the painter's school;
Yes thou, e'en thou, amidst thy thirst of gold,
(Hear it, ye young! believe it all, ye old!)
E'en thou hast known to bid the pencil pour
For thee the treasures of the art's rich store;
Witness that chamber, on whose chosen walls
In showers of art thy partial favour falls;
There, mixed with satyrs wanton nymphs are seen,[b]
In frolic dance, or sporting on the green;

[a] Quales nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum. JUVEN.

[b] If the terms in which the description of this unholy of *unholies* is couched are thought rather warm, what must the

There many a Venus on thy eager gaze
Pours the full flood of all her beauty's blaze,
Scorns the thin shelter of the veil's light shade,
And stands in purest nakedness displayed;
There a Bacchante blooms, with vine leaves crowned,
Her half-loose hair with twining tendrils bound,
Her zone is all unclasped, no envious vest
Hides the clear snow of her voluptuous breast,
Fondly she seems to breathe the ardent sigh,
And dart impassioned glances from her eye.
Such are the temples that thy riches build,
Temples to Lust, with wanton offerings filled....
Such is the place in which thy beastly fires
Rage and burn forth with impotent desires.
Methinks I see thee now in thy recess
By turns to every charm thy gaze address,
Dwell on each wanton form with lustful stare,
And snuff, with nostril high up-turned, the air;

place itself be (for this is no fiction)? What must be the orgies that are celebrated in it, orgies at which throngs of women assist? Without the use of these terms a proper exposure could not be made of this den of obscenity; and if any affect to turn up a squeamish nose at them, I shall be inclined to say with Sheridan, that "their modesty in this respect is just on a par with the artificial bashfulness of a courtesan, who encreases the blush upon her cheek in exact proportion to the diminution of her modesty."

Then pant for raptures thou canst never know,
And sigh for powers that left thee long ago.
  Thus far, no farther, to the graphic art
Thy rank, thy power, thy wealth, their aid impart.
  Thee no fond wishes to improve his breed
Prompt to protect the proud and generous steed;
Though first upon the turf-list stands thy name,
Though thee their chief and lord with loud acclaim
Jockies and swindlers call, though all the rout
Of black-legs round thy steps according shout,
'Tis not because thine eye delights to see
A noble brute, his limbs all symmetry,
His courage high,.....because thou know'st the
wind
Left by the swiftness of his speed behind;
No, 'tis thy poor ambition to be known
The richest Black-legs that the age has shown....
For Avarice sways thy heart, without controul
Rules in thy breast, and lords it o'er thy soul....
E'en in thy early years, e'en then, when strong
And powerful round the heart the passions throng,
E'en then, when least the specious snares of gold
The fiery soul in irksome bondage hold,
With eager eyes the goddess saw thee lay
A fit foundation for her future sway:
Exulting, then she marked thee for her own,
And deemed thy heart her surest, firmest throne;

And thou, to bless her hopes, while free, and gay.
And blithesome, others frolicked in life's May,
Still wast thou seen, e'en in thy joys, to bear
A thrifty spirit, and a sordid care,
To smother each chance spark of generous fire,
And bid it huddled up in damps expire.[a]
Then in thy slumbers, while across thy brain
Visions of gold danced on in gorgeous train,
O'er thee the goddess her pale form inclined,
Round thee her limbs in many a clasp she twined
With snaky fold, and strained thee to her breast,
While to thy lips her livid lips she pressed,
Then through thy inmost heart's recesses stole,
And mixed her very essence with thy soul.
Since then thy every hour of life hath shown
That Avarice bears no rival near her throne;
And usurers at cent. per cent. may see
New arts, new tricks, new cozenage in thee;
Though much they know, from thee may know still more,
And learn extortion they ne'er saw before.
But if the Goddess for one little hour
Dismiss thy soul unwilling from her power,

[a] "And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire."
GRAY'S HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

Then to some vice that follows in her train
She still commits the momentary reign;
Delighted by the change, awhile thy mind
Riots and rages loose and unconfined,
And one short hour gives ample space to thee
To run through every change of infamy.
Oh! could some great forefather's sacred sha
Bend from his cloud of glory, where arrayed
In light, acquired by deeds how far from thine!
He sits among the heroes of his line,
How could'st thou stand erect? how not fall dow
In fear before the terrors of his frown?
How the fierce lightning of his eye sustain,
Or hear his voice thy life's whole course arraig

The founders of thy race at honour's call
Left the gay banquet and the festive hall,
Loosed the fond clasp of Beauty's twining arms
And rushed with generous warmth 'mid war's
alarms;
While round their banners, from their native plai
And shaggy mountains, thronged the hardy swain
Strong were their arms, and powerful in the fie
The ponderous mace or battle-axe to wield,
Foremost they moved in war, their country's pri
And knew to rule of fight the bloody tide;

Then, when their banners o'er their castle walls
Aloft were hung, or decked their vaulted halls,
They knew the peace their swords had gained to prize,
And bade the arts in fair succession rise;
Cheered with their bounty's beams desponding woe,
Or taught encroaching power their might to know.
* * * * * * * *
Then what are riches, or a titled name?
Say, can they bring immunity from shame?
Can they for vice procure respect, efface
From villains' fronts the brandmarks of disgrace?
Give Wolcott (if he had them) decency, [a]
Or lessen restless Wakefield's flippancy? [b]

[a] This man, the worthy coadjutor of Anthony Pasquin, in the infamous labour of vilifying and abusing all that is sacred in religion, venerable in authority, or beautiful in virtue, is sinking fast into the universal contempt and detestation for which he has so long and so arduously toiled, and to which he is so justly entitled. But no retreat, however close, should protect him; no obscurity, however dark, should cover him;

Ει και ὑπο χθονι κειται, ομως ετι και κατα πισσαν
Τω μιαρογλωσσω χευατε, κ. τ. λ. ANTHOL.

I know no words more applicable to this man than the following passage from the strong and powerful Dante:

Che questa bestia
Non lasci' altrui passar per la sua via.

Give Snob to honesty the least pretence, [c]
Or furnish Godwin's school with common sense; [d]

Ma tanto lo 'mpedisce, che l' uccide:
Ed ha natura si malvagia e ria
Che mai non empie la bramosa voglia;
E dopo'l pasto ha piu fame che pria.

If I add the concluding line of this description,

Molti son gli animali a cui s'ammoglia,

I hope I shall not be thought to concur in the insinuations contained in the Epistle of William Gifford, Esquire; for though I think that society is under great obligations to Mr. G. for the punishment he inflicted upon this fellow, still I confess I think some parts of his Epistle might have been omitted with advantage. Churchill would have thought otherwise, at least his "Times" warrants the supposition. But Churchill was the pot-companion of Wilkes. One quotation more for Mr. Wolcott, and I dismiss him. "Moveat ille mihi risum, ego fortasse illi lacrymas movebo; aut si ridere perseverabit, gaudebo tanquam in malis quod illi genus insaniæ hilare contigerit; sed non est illa hilaritas longa. Observa. Videbis eosdem extra exiguum tempus acerrime ridere, et acerrime rabere." SENEC. EPIST.

b This was written before the world of letters had lost Mr. Wakefield, and the following note was appended to the passage:

The erudition of Gilbert Wakefield is too well known to the age to be lightly called in question: but at the same time his petulant insolence, testy vanity, and overbearing pride, must disgust all who read his works. Most of his productions

Secure the honours of his Lordship's bed,
Or hide the antlers that adorn his head?

may be characterised by these words of Plato: Εμοι μεν γαρ δοκει ουτοσι, ω ανδρες Αθηναιοι, πανυ ειναι ὑβριστης και αχολαςος, και ατεχνως την γραφην ταυτην ὑβρει τινι, και αχολασιᾳ, και νεοτητι γραψασθαι. The bitterness of Mr. Wakefield's style, and the customary virulence of his invectives, would justify the adoption of the word γραφη in the legitimate use of it by Plato: but how can νεοτης apply to Mr. W.? To be sure we might render it by *rawness*.

It is really diverting to observe the ingenuity with which this writer contrives to lug his political opinions into every subject he takes in hand, from the *elucidation* of an ambiguous turn of expression in the Scriptures, to remarks on the general orders of a commander in chief; and the transition is nothing to him:

Aujord'hui dans un casque et demain dans un froc.

BOIL.

c *Snob*....put for any knavish attorney, it matters not whether on the banks of the Thames or of the Wever. Any hedge-lawyer.

d When speaking of *Mr. Godwin* and *riches* I might have added again, "if he had them." I believe Mr. G, complains as bitterly as did Petrarch, that "Povera e nude vai *Filosofia*." Filosofia! Messer Guglielmo! Eh! che cervello pazzo! What would *he* say of the modesty of Mr. Godwin's school, who wrote thus, "Satis ipsum nomen Philosophiæ, etiam si *modeste* tractetur, invidiosum est."

Clodius from scorn and infamy exempt,
Or make him less an object of contempt?
Dull though the age, it still has sense to see
Through rich brocades the shapes of infamy;
Though far advancing in the paths of vice,
Knows how to estimate pure honour's price,
Knows how to value the benignant hand
That scatters useful knowledge through the land.

Let those who win their fame in fields of blood
Go forth to havoc, stem the purple flood,
Spread woe and desolation with their breath,
And mark their pathways with despair and death,
Let them their thousands slaughter, that one name
May live upon the bloody lists of fame;
I covet not the savage pride that burns
In the stern conqueror's bosom, who returns
Still red with all the carnage of the war;
Such I ne'er envy, though the lofty car
Bears them with sounding wheels amid the throng
That hymns their massacres in choral song;
Such I ne'er envy, though their proud hearts gain
A quickening throb of transport from each strain,
Though Gods they seem to move, and high upborn
In glorious pomp, they view the world with scorn.

For me.....If gracious Heaven would grant the fame
Myself could wish might decorate my name,
Rather than all the worship and renown
That court the sword of conquest, or the crown,
Than all the honours that from learning spring,
Than all that wit and brightest genius bring,
I'd prize the blest voïce that should make me known
As one whose care had hushed pale Misery's groan,
As one who knew, though 'twere but once, to save
From anguish, prisons, or a self-sought grave.
Oh, in this frantic age, that I might find
The chosen few that dedicate the mind [a]
To *useful* knowledge, wandering not astray
After wild theories, in Doubt's dark way,
Not lost in systems none yet understood,
But following *plain* and *practicable* good;
Then should my soul rejoice, and bless the power
That gave me in this age to live my hour.
How vain that wish! Sweeping with headlong sway
The floods of Vice and folly force their way;

[a] Non e pero che non vi possano essere genj cotanto superiori, che nelle loro operazione abbiano riguardo al solo bene dell' umanita! O anime illustre! che meritereste altari ed incensi da tutte le nazione del mondo! Voi siete si rare che si puo dubitare della vostra esistenza! DRAGONETTI.

While floating rarely on the gulfy tide, [a]
The good are seen, and vanish when descried.
Yet if the preacher leaves the work of grace, [b]
And seeks the dearer business of the chace;

[a] Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto. VIRG.

[b] I am not desirous to join any Salisbury dissenter (see *Mister* Henry Wansey's Letter to the Bishop of Salisbury) in his scurrilous attacks upon the venerable body of our clergy; but I may fairly be allowed to assert that the conduct of some individuals (*Squiraceous Parsons*, as Charlotte Smith terms them, and mere loungers and sleepers at watering-places) merits severe animadversion. A week's residence at Bath would suffice for taking an abundance of clerical sketches from the bloated mass

Dont le corps ramasse dans sa courte grosseur,
Fait gemir les coussins sous la molle epaisseur,

LE LUTRIN.

to the dapper manufacturer of conundrums, charades, and rebusses,

With a chitterlin shirt and a buckle of stone,

ANSTEY.

I would thunder in the ears of them all these momentous words:

Tu dors prelat? tu dors? et la-haut a ta place,
Le Chantre aux yeux du choeur etale son audace,
Chante les *Oremus*, fait des processions,
E repand a grands flots les benedictions.
Tu dors? attends-tu donc, que sans bulle et sans titre
Il te ravisse encore le rochet et la mitre?

Sans bulle et sans titre! How applicable!

For boots and buckskin quits the gown and band,
And for his Bible takes the whip in hand,
Then boasts his prowess forced the 'Squire to yield
To him the foremost honours of the field,
Or thinks it *stupid* with his flock to pray:
Admire we that his flock should go astray?
Yet such there are, and such my verse by name
Might well deliver up to public shame;
Yet such there are, and such as bend the knee
To what they love and worship.....Gluttony:
These find a pregnant text in flesh, fowl, fish,
And deify the' inventor of a dish;
The cloth removed, they push the bottle round,
And beat the layman on his proper ground:
No frown from these shall check the wanton jest,
Though filth and lewdness are its only zest;
And though the cause they aid, or ought to aid,
Of sneers and scoffs profane the theme is made,
They join the loud laugh, or applauding grin,
While decency is thought a deadly sin.

And ye, above all other nations fair,
Daughters of Albion! lovely as ye are,
How must I grieve that all your power o'er man
Is exercised the flames of vice to fan.
Though Heaven your grace and gentleness designed
To soften man, and soothe his sterner mind,

Your converse to refine him, and your smile
His hours of pain and sorrow to beguile,
How is that purpose thwarted! when the hand
That best through scenes of vice might guide to lan
Man's fragile bark, repels him from the shore,
Though whirlpools wait him, and though tempest lour.
What fiend, what fury, hostile to mankind,[a]
Expelled all softness from the female mind?
What devil first bade woman burn to share
With man in wickedness an equal share?
To lay aside the gentleness that decks
With best and fairest ornament her sex,
To join in vices that man's grosser heart
Before monopolized, to bear a part
In all the wantonness of revelry,
To hate, as chains and trammels, modesty?
Is this too much? Has my unguarded tongue
Been shameless, bold, and insolent in wrong?
Say, have I with licentious insolence
Assailed defenceless blushing Innocence,
Loaded with lies and slander woman's name,
Confiding in the weakness of her frame?

[a] Qual furia dell' Inferno all' uom piu infesta
Addusse a'l mondo, e tante crescer fece
Usanza cosi fera e disonesta.
LA BALIA DI TANSILLO, Capit 1mo

Of me demand not whether this be so,
Of woman ask, for well does woman know;
Ask of yon females at the board who stand,
With dice-box high advanced in eager hand;
For them the night suffices not, the sun
Rising oft sees their vigils yet undone;
View them, and say, amongst them canst thou trace
One single vestige of a woman's grace?
View well the glance that marks with fixed desire
The stake, and gleams with avaricious fire;
View well those cheeks all pale and wan with care,
With thirst of gold; then say, is softness there?
Hie to yon bloated Dowager, whose board
Bears what all climes and seasons can afford,
For whom cold February's hands supply
The fruits that Nature offers in July;
Ask, what is social virtue? she will say
"'Tis this, 'tis *honourable* debts to pay,
To satisfy the scoundrel whose vile skill
Can slip a card, or cog a die at will;
To let an honest tradesman pine in want,
To call his cravings impudence and cant;
To see your friends, that is, send cards about,
Appointing this or that day for your rout,

Your *friends*, *or known or unknown*, gladly come,
Crammed by some forty dozens in a room;
And mark, 'tis best of all, you squeeze them well,
As close as oysters in a scallop shell."
Ask yon lascivious Wanton, who has fled
Her husband's arms for an adult'rous bed, [a]
Ask her what pleasures social converse brings,
And she shall answer thee such monstrous things,

[a] The outcry raised against the depravity of the upper circles is by no means of recent date; Euripides ascribes to them the origin of adultery, in that passage in which Phædra contends with her guilty passion.

Ως ολοιτο παγκακως
Ητις προς ανδρας ηρξατ' αισχυνειν λεχη
Πρωτη θυραιους· εκ δε γενναιων δομων
Τοδ' ηρξε θηλειαισι γιγνεσθαι κακον.
Οταν γαρ αισχρα τοισιν εσθλοισιν δοκῃ,
Η καρτα δοξει τοις κακοις ειναι καλα.
Μισω δε και τας σωφρονας μεν εν λογοις,
Λαθρα δε τολμας ου καλας κεκτημενας.
Ἁι πως ποτ', ω δεσποινα ποτνια Κυπρι,
Βλεπουσιν εις προσωπα των ξυνευνετων,
Ουδε σκοτον φρισσουσι τον ξυνεργατην
Τερεμνα τ' οικων, μη ωοτε φθογγην αφῃ;

HIPPOLYT. CORON. 412.

Shall tell such acts of shameless lust, as seen
Would call a blush of shame from Aretin;
Such orgies that should Lewis hear them told, [a]
Lewis would swear his "Monk" is chaste and cold,
Then hastening to his closet, should bestow
Fresh heightening tints, bid new descriptions glow,
And work, and toil, that none might say, and smile,
"Lewis is vanquished in his fav'rite style;"

[a] This gentleman seems to have set up his banners in open and avowed hostility as well to decency as to good taste. But the public will not be blue-bearded for ever by either Mr. George Colman the younger, or Mr. Lewis. The latter of these gentlemen may know that his Adelmorn was not cordially received, notwithstanding it was assisted by the glimmering ghostly vision, and the compilations of Mr. Kelly. And Mr. Kelly does *compile* with a vengeance. When a man publishes in his own name mere musical centos, it is time to hint to him that borrowing here a little, and there a little, procured Arne the appellation of "pilfering Tommy Arne." But enough of musical rogues.

Mr. Lewis has lately published a bundle of Tales calculated o dilate the eyelids, and astonish the weak minds of the good eople of England. *They* are also a *compilation*, at least chiefly o, but published in such a manner as to create a supposition hat the work is altogether original. This is rather too bad n G. M. Lewis, Esq. M. P.——N. B. M. P. means simply ' Member of Parliament," and not *Meretricum Proeses*, or *Modestiæ Proditor*, as the readers of "The Monk" may be ipt to imagine.

Morris should swear that these are higher things[a]
Then all the songs he writes, or, writing, sings.

[a] The experience of every day affords ample proof of the justice of that acute remark made by M. Despraux, that

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.

Yet it is to be lamented that there are those who cannot be persuaded to think that

En vain par sa grimace un buffon odieux
A table nous fait rire, et divertit nos yeux,

if his pleasantries bear no proportion to his nonsense and his nastiness; when it is possible for indelicate wit to make us smile, yet

De ses propres rieurs se fait des enemies. BOIL.

Those for whose amusement M. le grand Capitaine sings, would do well to peruse this passage of Demosthenes, and to peruse it attentively: Ει δε τις σωφρων, η δικαιος αλλως την καθ' ἡμεραν ακασιαν τυ βιυ, και μεθην, και κορδακισμυς υδυναμενος φερειν, παρεωρασθαι και εν υδενος ειναι μερει τον τοιυτον· λοιπυς δη περι αυτον ειναι λῃστας,[b] και κολακας, και τοιυτυς ανθρωπυς, ὁιυς μεθυσθεντας ορχεισθαι τοιαυτα, ὁια εγω νυν οκνω προς ὑμας ονομασαι. Δηλον δ' οτι ταυτ' εστιν αληθῆ· και γαρ ὑς ενθενδε ωαντες απηλαυνον ὡς πολυ των θαυμαλοποιων ασελγεστερυς οντας ΚΑΛΛΙΑΝ εκεινον τον ΔΗΜΟΣΙΟΝ και τοιυτυς ανθρωπυς ΜΙΜΟΥΣ ΓΕΛΟΙΩΝ και ΠΟΙΗΤΑΣ ΑΙΣΧΩΝ ΑΙΣΜΑΤΩΝ, ὡν εις τυς συνοντας ποιυσιν, ἑνεκα τυ γελασθηναι, τυτυς αγαπᾳ και περι αυτον εχει, και τοι ταυτα,

[b] Λῃστας, says the scholiast, ὁιονει στρπαγας τινας ἁ ρατιωτας.

Where shall these evils stop? what power shall
bound
The vice that spreads its growing circle round,
Assumes each hour a wide and wider sway,
And sees its strength dilating every day?
While those whom Vice has taught its sway to feel,
With indefatigable popish zeal
Labour and toil, and try all craft to gain
Converts and subjects to their monarch's reign;
Unnumbered are the arts with which they ply
Their cursed trade, the blandisments they try;
And him whom all the cunning they employ
And soft seductions, skilful to destroy,
Assail in vain, they hamper with false shame,
And foolish dread, lest sneers attend his name.
Perverted shame! of Vice the surest friend,
On thee her best and dearest hopes depend:
Man, foolish man, to 'scape thy empty power,
Shall rush where fiends are ready to devour,
Shall quake if Ridicule shall smile or nod,
Yet walk a braggart in the sight of God.
Is this the world! must all my dreams of youth
Vanish before this mortifying truth!

ει και μικρα τις ηγειται, μεγαλα, ω ανδρες Αθηναιοι, δειγματα της εκεινη γνωμης και κακοδαιμονιας εστι τοις ου φρονουσιν, OLYNTH. 1.

Must I, whene'er I walk, be doomed to meet
Folly and Vice in triumph in each street,
Goodness and Virtue but n visions see,
Or see them made the jest of Villany?
Dear native Wever, by whose gentle stream
I gave my soul to many a blissful dream,
Though now in discontent and gloom I stray
Far from the vale that sees thy waters play,
Where'er I go, where'er my footsteps roam,
My fancy still returns to thee and home;
Bids thy known banks and loved recesses rise
To soothe my soul, and cheat my longing eyes,
Bids scenes endeared by past events employ
My thoughts, and charm with momentary joy.
But ah not long the smiling visions stay,
Vice comes.....in air they melt, they fade away.
The baleful power rears high in pride her face,
And shews a different form in every place,
Meets me at every turn where'er I go,
Nor suffers me one hour of peace to know;
In vain her presence I attempt to fly,
Turn where I will she meets my sickening eye.
Thus some poor Indian, on his unknown way,
Worn with fatigue, and trembling with dismay
Wanders 'till night has spread her shades around,
Then throws him in despair upon the ground;

Sleep seals his eyes; he finds a short repose,
A short and sweet oblivion of his woes;
Wrapt in a blissful dream he seems to rove
Through the sweet mazes of a spicy grove,
Where cool rills murmur though the tangled glade,
And tall bananas spread their graceful shade;
Or where through green savannahs, clear and strong,
The deep majestic waters sweep along.
And ever to his senses stands displayed
The beauteous image of his much-loved maid;
Near in the tamarind shade she seems to stand,
Arrayed in smiles, and beckoning waves her hand;
Glowing with love he gazes on her charms,
Then sighs, and wide extends his eager arms;
Already holds her in his strict embrace,
And hangs with maddening rapture o'er her face.
Ah, bliss how short! he wakes, and all aghast
Hears the fierce yell of tigers in the blast,
Hears the gaunt lion roaring for his prey,
And fears the fell hyæna in his way....
Frantic along his dismal way he speeds,
And dreads, when murmuring in the giant reeds,
Strange whispers sound, as in the winds they shake,
Some unknown monster crouching in the brake.

THE

DELUSIONS OF LOVE.

Ερως, ερως, ὁ κατ' ομματων
Σταζεις ποθον, εισαγων γλυκειαν
Ψυχᾳ χαριν, ἁς επισρατευσῃ
Μη μοι ποτε συν κακῳ φανεισης,
Μηδ' ἀρρυθμος ελθοις.

Ερωτα δε, τον τυραννον ανδρων,
Τον τας Αφροδιτας
Φιλτατων θαλαμων
Κληδουχον, ὃ σεβιζομεν,
Περθοντα, και δια πασης
Ιοντα συμφορας
Θνατοις, ὁταν ελθῃ. EURIP. HIPPOL. 530.

THE

DELUSIONS OF LOVE.

PART I.

Ασημα δ' ουκ' ετ' εςιν οι τεινει τυχα
Κυπριδος. EURIPID. HIPPOL. 376.

WHAT certain fate, what mortal poison lurks
Beneath the promised sweets and joys of love,
Beneath soft blandishments what deadly snares
Are hid, my verse unfolds. O, heavenly Maid,
That from the blazing front of Father Jove
Sprang'st forth a goddess armed! Thou in whose birth
The languid colliquation of soft love
Had never part; for whom no mother felt
The pangs abhorred of childbirth! Thou, who sitt'st
Fast by thy father's side, when in the domes
And halls of heaven the congregated Gods
Hold their immortal synod! O descend,

Celestial Wisdom, from thy golden throne,
And with one ray of thy perennial light,
Vouchsafe to visit my else idle lay!
Thee rarely, to direct his erring strain,
The bard invokes, but rather to the Queen
Of amorous tumults, and her pet'lant son,
Strings wantoning his lyre; or, on the bloom
Of roses thrown, frames to the softer lute
His plaintive ditties, mingled with the breath
Of burning sighs, tears, and unholy prayers,
And vows profane. But me to thy pure shrine
Thy votary, Goddess, lead; and with thy smile
Auspicious cheer the labours of my strain,
My service vowed and dedicate. From thee
The song begins; without thy gracious aid
In vain the fires of genius in the breast
Light up their flames, in vain the sacred rage
Of inspiration animates the strain,
And ineffectual are the powers of song.

Though little skilled to woo the virgin Choir,
Whose haunts Libethra laves; though hard the task
To leave the flowery path where asphodel
And roses spread sweet bordure, where the Loves
Fan the soft air with purple wing, and lead
Along the way with smiles; though hard the task

Through thorny labyrinths and rugged rocks,
Through dark and devious wilds untrod before,
To seek the' Aonian Maids, yet not in vain
Shall I have toiled, if aught my verse avails
The wavering mind in prudence to confirm.

For you, ye candid youths, this destined strain
In youth's first prime I frame: O hither turn,
Ye ardent bands, your footsteps! Hither come,
Ye whom the voice of Honour and the breath
Of just applause may win to leave the bower
And flowery lap of Pleasure, whom the flame
That from the sacred lamp of Wisdom streams
May light to fair desires, to generous fame,
And noble counsels! Listen to the strain
Which, not severe, yet temperate, calls you on
To liberal hopes, to the propitious smiles
That Honour gives, the meed that crowns the toil
Of all the virtuous, all the wise, and brave!

Say, why was Man ordained to stand supreme
Among created things? To Man alone
Why was the intellectual power, the gift
Divine of reason granted? but that Heaven
His course appointed through the stated paths,
The rounds and fixed degrees of beautiful
And great to lie, till, these absolved, the soul

Might turn her keen perceptions to the taste
Of things immortal; with undazzled view
Before the blaze ineffable, the light,
The radiant splendour of unfading day
Might stand, and mingle with eternity.

Therefore, above all creatures that inhale
The breath of heaven, whether with nimble wing
They cleave the air, or in recesses hid
In ocean's deep unfathomed breast they lie,
Or lash with broader fin the upper wave;
Therefore, above what brutes amid the gloom
And dark recesses of the forest seek
Their prey rapacious, or the verdant plain
And grassy meadows browze with bloodless tongue,
Is Man exalted. With perpetual dew
On him the favour and regard of Heaven
In copious streams is poured; on him descends
The flood of bounty: him the sovran Sire,
With love paternal viewing, bids explore
The various paths that o'er the ample face
Of Nature spread, and to his view unfolds
The volume of the boundless universe.
Hence at the feet of Man the countless wealth
Of Nature lies submitted; all the stores
That Earth within her fruitful womb matures,
All that she offers to the genial sun,

The balmy breezes, and the fostering dews,
For Man are ripened, and for Man produced.

But O! if lost in langour and the sloth
Of unambitious tenderness; if, sunk
Beneath the weight of feverish cares, the soul
Dissolves in softness, then how vain the powers
That heaven vouchsafes to man, how vain the strength
And vigour of his frame, and O, how quenched,
How dim, and pale his intellectual ray!

[a] For, on the sacred temple of the soul
When the fierce flames of Love relentless fix,
Corroding all within, then from the strife
Of active honour, from his native aim,
From all fair purposes, diverted turns
The wretched victim. In the lazy shade
Forlorn and drooping, while the amorous breath
Of breezes whispers through the air, and fans
His burning temples, prostrate on the turf
He lies, and listening to the song of birds,

[a] All descriptions of Love must fall before that of Thomson in his "Spring." What he has written on the subject is so happy and complete that the theme must be unfortunate for succeeding writers.

And the soft murmur of the brook that chimes
Along its pebbled channel, he consumes
In melancholy musing his sad hours.
And oft the youth with dew of shameful tears
Bathes his hot cheek; and, to unmanly grief
Surrendered, calls upon the listening grove
To hear his lamentation, and the tale
So oft resounded of the pangs that rend
The slighted heart, the torments of disdain,
And all the woes of unrequited love.
O then farewell for him the tranquil mind, [a]
The charms of cheerfulness, and all the joys
That Mirth and Gladness give around the heart
Most pleasantly to play! Far from the haunts
Of all his fellow men, from genial joys
Of fair society removed, the dark
And dreary waste of Solitude he courts;
There, amid anxious doubts and fears, to dwell
The livelong day. Nor when the waning beam
Of westering Phœbus glances o'er the wave
With horizontal stream, nor when her orb
High in mid heaven the Moon resplendent hangs
Quits he his sullen watch; for vainly him
The chilling blasts of midnight, and the rain

[a] ——— Oh now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind. SHAKSP. OTHELLO.

Of heavy dews assail; still glow his veins
With all the fever's fire, still with wild throbs
His temples beat tumultuous, though his locks
Are drenched with moisture, and his head with dew[a]
Throughout the night is wet, though winds blow loud,
And all the forest fluctuates in the blast.

So, in the yoke inglorious, and the chains
Of Love's enchantment held, he lies inert,
And pours his lamentable plaint; or, vexed
By dark suspicions, and the bitterness
Of jealous fears, his troubled fancy paints
The ever-present object of his vows
As listening to some happy rival's tale
With smiles and bland assent. O then how sharp
The stings of passion on his frantic soul
Shed their fell venom! From his tortured breast
Fast flies all tenderness, by anger, scorn,
And deadly hate succeeded; e'en the smiles
That first subdued his heart, and to the sway
Of Love's soft empire bowed him, now provoke
To bitter frenzy and untender rage.
And still at intervals, the more his breast

[a] My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of night.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

To wring with torture, all the blandishments,
The rosy hours, the dreams of promised joy,
The ecstacies with which his flame began
In more auspicious days, the charms that deck
His sovran mistress, full before his soul
Are placed deluding: then the killing eye
That first to pleasing thraldom won his heart
Swims in more liquid brightness; then her lips
With riper fragrance teem, more lively bloom
Her cheek assumes, her bosom whiter snow;
Then with new witchcraft, with more potent spells,
Her smiles are fraught, more bland, more winning soft,
Her voice in melting accents on his ear
Melodious dwells, the motion of her limbs
Flows with new grace, her step, her every look
Abounds with charms unseen, unfelt before.
But while the magic swims before his soul,
At once he sees his hated rival blest,
And rioting secure amid the charms
For which in burning fevers he consumes,
And wasting pines....then all the maddening stings,
The tortures of unslaked desire, the rage
Of frantic passion harrow up his soul
With sharpest anguish; while the busy fiend,
Dark Jealousy, her congregated plagues,
Her thousand scorpions, her unnumbered pangs,

Into his bosom pours; then rage and hate,
Settled and fell, anew usurp the place
Of love and soft complacency; the gloom
Of rancorous scorn, of deeply-wounded pride,
Infest his mind; and oft amid the whirl
Of loud-conflicting passions, from her throne,
Bewildered, lost, counfounded, Reason falls.

Who droops in languid softness, in the flames
Of sickly passion, but invests his limbs
With fate inextricable as the gift
Once scattered though the foldings of a vest,
From that lewd Centaur had, who o'er the ford
Bore Dejanira for Alcmena's son. [a]

Sure it were better with the rugged pride
Of our forefathers, from the softer toils
Of Love to turn disdainful, or to rush,
Burning with savage ardour, on those joys

[a] Ην μοι παλαιον δωρον αρχαιε ποτε
Θηρος, λισζηντι καλκιῳ κεκρυμμενον·
Ὁ πεπις ετ' εσα τε δασυστερνε παρα
Νεσσε φθινοντος εκ φονων πεπιλομην,
Ὁς τον βαθυῤῥην ποταμον Ευηνον βροτες
Μισθε 'πορευε χερσιν· κ. τ. λ.

SOPHOC. TRACHIN. 564,

and 685 of the same play, as well as other passages.

Which vigour only, and the strength that lives
In well-knit nerves could give in ruder days,
When force was wooing, and the sturdy grasp
Of strong constraint was courtship; so the strength
Of that dark God availed, who from the fields
Of flowery Enna bore fair Proserpine,
When she her lap with odorous blossoms filled
Amid her blithe companions.
If the heart
Of that stern king who by the yellow stream
Of Tiber slew his brother, in revenge
For his new city mocked, had known to feel
The thrill of Love's sweet anguish, to dissolve,
Lost in luxurious fondness, then the might
Of Rome had never awed the subject world:
But he, an empire's fate on that slight toy,
A woman's will, not hanging, by surprise
And timely force his subjects chose to mate:
So to that power to whom Thöossa bore
The brutal strength of horrid Polypheme
Apt games and feasts were done.....To view the sports [a]
Came all the Sabine damsels, in attire
Ornate and gay; they from the grassy seats,
That best befit the rustic circus, view,

[a] Festa parat Conso, &c. OVID. FAST.

d awhile, the pastime, till the king
lden signal gives; then forth a band
ldiers rushes (while an armed gyre
unds the throng), to seize their destined brides.
were the shrieks, and dissonant the cries
ose astonished, when, with eyes of fire,
their ranks the fierce ungoverned youth,
ed by the sudden stings of quick desire,
ed;.....what could woman's strength avail
to stem
rage of passion, heightened by the charms
isely then displayed! Each in his arms,
; by remembrance of Love's genial joys,
long disused, bears off his struggling bride
rced espousals.....From the ravished joys
ose embraces, not by dalliance won,
ie lewd tinkling of a cittern's strings,
:e of heroes came in after days,
high above the thrones of princes raised
r curule chair, while to their fasces bowed
nations round, and at their chariot wheels
s led in chains the pomp of triumph swelled.

aised on the thrones of kings her curule chair.
THOMSON'S LIBERTY.

Of all that owns Love's influence in the range
Of wide creation, Man alone essays
To win return by prayer, by tears, and sighs.....
With fires more fierce within the breasts of brutes
Flames the instinctive passion....With the rage
Of madness stung, with all his veins on fire
And to the marrow pierced, the lusty steed
Burst from the stalls, and snuffs the distant mare.
Along the plain, o'er rocks, through forest shades,
He bounds impetuous; or amid the stream
Of roaring torrents plunges, and the surge
Disparts with chest high-swelling, in the strife
Of waters neighing; while his golden mane
Streams in the wind, or floats amid the wave.
Deep in Matamba's forests, by the lake
Of Zambré, and the ever-burning sands
Of drear Berdoa's waste, or Gubur's plains,
The glaring lion grapples with his mate,
Maddening with savage rapture; with his roar
The desart shakes around, and distant groves
Echo the transports of his horrid joys.

Yet shall we judge severely if Love's sway
Is *ever* held unblest and dire.....There is,
And happy they who feel its influence,
A generous Love that in congenial hearts
Lights up a purer flame, to nobler deeds

Incites the mind, and o'er each virtue breathes
Humane refinement, and a liberal grace.
While others at pale Mammon's sordid shrine
Barter for gold their hearts, or headlong rush
Upon the black endearments and bought smiles,
Loveless, of wantons; some, the happy few
On whom kind heaven its choicest blessings showers,
Bound by the ties of holy faith, and linked
In mutual love, together, hand in hand,
Along life's pathway journey, which shall bear
The mutual burthen studious; each the thorns
Eager to pluck from the dear partner's path,
And substitute sweet flowers: so on they glide,
With care alternate smoothing all the way,
While joy and peace smile on them to the end.

But o'er the frenzy of the mind that prompts
To desperate rage, or in strange fears and cares,
Or luxury, or shameful wantonness,
The soul bewilders, no bright omen shines;
For when the shaft has sped, whole days and nights
The Lover lingers for his dangerous bliss,
Pines, languishes, and hangs upon a look,
Esteems it bliss supreme to press the hand
Of her who fires his soul, to drink her sighs,
And feast upon the music of her voice.
For this, bright purple, or the scarlet grain,

Rich as of Bozrah, or of ancient Tyre,
Invests his dainty limbs; his locks distil
Perfumes and essences; odorous oils
From his trim garments breathe; while to the sound
Of cittern, viol, or recorder's breath
Ambling before his mistress, he or frames
Fantastic ditties, or with incense mixed
Of sighs and vows, fawning prefers his suit.
And when at length he clasps the promised bliss
(Long sought so ardently, and long pursued
Through all the turns of fickleness, and pride,
And coy pretences), by envenomed sweets,
Bland adulation, and enticement won,
He bathes his senses in delight: awhile
In wanton pleasures, in licentious joys
Securely rioting, in dreams he quaffs
Rich draughts of nectar; and in bowers of bliss,
While odours breathe around, and fountains cool
The softened air, consumes the jocund hours.
At length the morn of Reason on the mind,
Led by Repentance, dawns; then melt away
The baseless visions of imagined joys,
By shame, remorse, confusion, and dismay,
Succeeded; hovering o'er him, then he sees
The vulture Ruin, the contempt and scorn
That ever wait the wanton's votaries.
So to some traveller, as old legends tell,

In Samarcand, or famed Serendib's isle
Girt by the waves of many-fabled seas,
Fair palaces appear, with porticos
And columns graced, where mingled elephant,
Sandal and gold engrailed, profusely deck
Plinth, astragal, entablature, and shaft....
Through marble halls, arcades with jasper bright,
And splendid domes he goes, amid the blaze
Of crystal, emerald, and crysolite:
While from the painted roof, in golden lamps
Suspended, ambergris and aloes mixed
O'er silver fountains throw their costly flame,
Shedding perfume; till, touched, some talisman
Sweeps all away in thunder; then the waste
Of horrid desarts drear and black succeeds.

THE

DELUSIONS OF LOVE.

PART II.

Ηλθε δ' αρτι μοι γνωμης εσω
Α σ', ητ' επ' αισχροις, ητ' επι βλαβη φρενων,
Παυσει νοσε τησδ', ην συ μη γενη κακος
EURIP. HIPPOL. 516.

WHILE recent, young, and weak, the unripe seeds
f those dire cares which have their rise from Love,
re yet in rank luxuriance strong and wild
hey flourish, crush, and from the incipient ill
orewarned, retreat; prudent if from the yoke
ngalled thy neck may be withdrawn. Nor think
he danger distant if no warning pangs
ive friendly notice of its dread approach.
At first, with scanty flow the tinkling rill
rips from the rock; then oozing through green
moss,

Or over pebbles chiming, gently winds
Along its undistinguished path, while flowers
Awhile adorn its course; anon, with rains
And neighb'ring founts augmented, down the rock
It drives with broader channel; till at length
By many a torrent's tributary stream,
By mighty waters swelled, along the plain
Through mountain wilds, through desarts waste and drear,
Through empires black with shade, it rolls along,[a]
Impetuous, deep, and strong; before its sweep
Rocks, woods, and all the harvest's waving stores
Fall flat, and blasted are the hopes of man.

But hard it is to combat with a foe
So fair in its approach; for soft, and bland,
And pleasant, are the first preluding fires
That Love lights up, while sweet and sunny smiles
Entice us to the shade of secret bowers,
To gather blossoms and inhale fresh sweets.
Meanwhile by sure degrees the growing flame
Creeps silently along, the inmost veins
Receive its poison, and the' infected heart
With nimbler pulses throbbing, now no more
Denies admittance; then the torrent force

[a] "Empires black with shade." AKENSIDE.

Of whelming passion pours upon the soul,
And whirls in its dark eddies all the strength
Of reason, judgment, and maturer thought.
So 'neath the North, in that cold sea whose wave
In sullen murmurs 'mid the glittering cliffs
And ever-sounding heights of Moskoe sounds,
A current, gentle first, with stealing haste
Ripples the busy waters; crowding on
From wide circumference, soon the quickening stream
Towards its centre rushes; then begins
The curling foam in playful eddies round
To whirl unceasing, and the sweeping waves
To rise with higher surge; till headlong, full,
And rapid, on they rush to where, with gulf
Unfathomed, and dire vortex, Maelstrom yawns.
Caught in the fury of the torrent's force,
Bellows the vast Leviathan, and fills
The echoes of ten thousand rocks around
With uncouth roar, and from his nostril pours
The gathered brine, while his incessant fin
Vexes the foaming waters; na'th'less, whelmed
Deep in the' abyss, the torrent draws him down.

When once the soul in tenderness dissolved
Has lost the tone elastic, and the spring
Of active firmness, from all nature round

The evil gathers aid; and then the mind,
Distempered, with his own false hue imbues
Whate'er each sense embraces; day and night
Alike provoke the' immedicable ill;
In trees, in flowers, in streams, in vernal skies,
The moon's soft beam, or odoriferous gales
Love's victim still finds fuel for his flame,
Something that sharpens all the stings anew,
That pierce his heart, and deeper round him twines
The' inextricable snare, and as the mood
Of passion varies, as the sweets of hope,
Or pangs of dark despair possess his soul,
He traces still, with fond retentive care,
Some apt memorial of his flame; in flowers
He sees the live carnation that adorns
His idol's cheek, in their rich odours tastes
The fragrance of her breath, and in the maze
Of melody that runs through all the grove
He hears the echoed music of her voice.
Thus he augments his frenzy, and the flame
Esteemed the pride and glory of his heart.

But most in the deep calm of solitude,
Amid the silent shade of twilight groves,
The softened soul drinks in the poisoned sweet,
Unconscious of its bane, when o'er the plain
More warm, more wanton, bland Favonius breathes.

Nor with less fatal certainty the charm
Speeds to the heart when, sighing through the sedge
That waves along the margin of some pool,
The whispering breeze is heard, or the rich strain
Of midnight melody that thrills the grove
When to the moon the Attic warbler pours
The sweet effusion of her swelling throat.

Oh, Music! potent spell, that hand in hand
Walkest with forceful energy of song,
Who may assail with hostile strain the lute,
The golden harp by Phœbus and the Choir [a]
Of dark haired Muses loved? When harmony,
Waked by the master's touch, from sprightly strings
Enchanting rises, who may shut his heart
Against the magic numbers? When the flute,
Soft-breathing, pours its even melody,
Who may forbid his ravished soul to melt,
And languish with the lay?
But thou, whose cheek
Is flushed with feverish heat, whose pulse, alarmed,
Throbs when before thy sight the maid beloved

[a] Χρυσεα φορμιγξ, Απολλω-
νος και ιοπλοκαμων
συνδικον Μοισαν κτιστον
PIND. PYTH. α.

Stands unexpected; thou, whose gaze, whose sighs
Pursue her steps departing, O avoid
To lend thy ear to sweetly-flowing strains,
To thee as perilous as the song of old
Sung by Leucosia and her sisters twain,
When, dancing on the wave, their golden locks
They showed to Anticléa's wily son,
As he along that false Ausonian shore
His bark directed.....Rather to the pomp
Of martial music, or the hand that wakes
The high tremendous strain that shakes the soul,
Attend.....Such strains in Thessaly's deep groves
Resounded, when in midnight's witching hour,
With cymbals, sounding orichalch, and drums,
Dark-stoled magicians to the lab'ring moon
Did horrid rites, to draw her from her sphere.....
Such strains were heard when from the shades of Tyre,
From Ammon's groves the priests of Moloch drove
The nymphs and blue-eyed Loves, and with the stain
Unclean of blood, profaned their secret bowers:
Their orgies shunned the day, but when the Moon,
Darkling and dim, revealed with dubious light
But half their horrors, then, with frantic bound,
The choir of priests the blasted earth about
Shook; while they loudly raised the timbrelled song

Amid the glare of livid flames that rose
Fast from their idol's furnace; high was reared
Amid the circling gloom the grisly king,
With smoke and mixed blood smeared, his fiery arm
Lifted to grasp the living sacrifice,
The babe by ruthless parents doomed to flames;
Loud yelled the impious crew to drown the cries
Of him consuming, and the cymbal's clang
Rang through the woods, and shook the echoing caves. [a]

Let leisure be denied, and straight the stings [b]
Of fierce desire have lost their sharpest pangs.
Love only seizes on our vacant hours;
Therefore at early morn, at noon, at eve,
And o'er the midnight oil, studious revolve
The deep recondite page of ancient lore,
Plato's majestic pomp, the purity
Of lucid Xenophon, the energy
Concise and strong of sage Olorides;
Nor yet the mighty masters of the lyre
Pass thou neglectful; let the' immortal strain
Of Homer fire thy soul; and the bold flight
Of him whose swelling dithyrambic song

[a] See Plutarch. de Superstit. for an account of these horrid rites, and Tertull. in Apolog.

[b] Otia si tollas, &c. OVID.

Placed in the stars the skilful, strong, or swift,[a]
Victorious in the toil of Pisa's strife.

Nor will it less behove thee on the tower
That science loves, to keep thy frequent watch,
What time the radiant Moon in Heaven's mid way
Hangs her nocturnal lamp; there, hand in hand,
With contemplation to behold the orbs
Of whirling planets, that with speedy wheel
Perform their stated rounds; while with them roll
In lucid circles their fair satellites,
Companions of their travel; then thine eye
May drink the glittering radiance of each star
That gives its brightness to that splendid path
Shining with milky lustre, every star
That, given by man to many-fabled groups,
Peoples the figured Zodiac, where the wing
Of eagle never yet was dipped in air.

Well sung the Bards of old, who in the woods,
On heaths, in mountain forests gave to dwell,
Armed with the flexile yew and quivered steel,
The virgin patroness of Chastity.
Therefore the' enervate tenderness of Love,
Its bane, its snares voluptuous, would'st thou shun,

[a] "Among the stars he sticks his name." COWLEY, PIND.

While yet the breeze of morn across the plain
Refreshing sweeps, while yet the early dews
Hang on the thicket, forth, amid the song
Of thousand birds that carol to the dawn,
Let the steed bear thee. Hark! the welkin rings
With jovial shouts of men, with neighing steeds,
And all the' harmonious thunder of the chase.
From hill to dale, through all the woodland pours
The cry tumult'ous, Zephyrs waft it round,
The horn's deep music floats along the vale,
And wakes the secret echoes of the hills.
Roused by the cheering gladness of the scene,
The soul shakes off her languor, and the load
Inglorious of those ever-gnawing cares
Which lately held the heart a shackled slave;
The spirits dance and sparkle in the eyes,
And the distempered flush that tinged the cheek
Is changed for health's pure rosy hue....Such power
To quell the languid sickness of desire,
Its poison, its intoxicating charms,
Is found in exercise and active use.

If not too deep Love's venomed shaft hath pierced,
Flight from the source from which the poison flows
May bring relief: and happy he who 'scapes,
Though flying, all Love's plagues! happy, though
far

From friends most dearly prized, though far from
home,
From native soil, and clime; whether the shades
That round Ontario's ample bosom spread
Receive his steps, the plains that Ganges laves,
The banks of Niger, or the untrod wilds
Where Nilus swelling from his secret fount
Begins his course; so absence banish love.

Nursed in Idalian groves, amid the bloom
Of fragrant roses, lulled by the sweet chime
Of waters, and the murmured strain of doves,
That build amid his mother's myrtle bowers,
The God of Love to sloth and ease invites,
And woos to win the patient and the brave
From all the toil and labour of the great.
But from the din of arms, the blaze of steel,
The banner's waving crimson, plumed helms,
The' attire of battle, and the clarion's voice,
He shrinks away dismayed. Those female bands
Once by Marpesia led 'gainst Caucasus,
From Thermodon's red wave with clang of shields
Drove the scared deity, and, of his rites
Unmindful, slew their weak unwarlike lords.

As Love from Glory and from Honour shrinks,
So they in turn avoid the walks of Love;

And never on the flowery couch of Sloth
Amid the roses is the laurel found,
The olive, or the palm. The bold, the brave,
Pay the full price of honour....toil and care.
Then turn to deeds of high emprise, to arms,
And martial deeds; behold the pomp of war,
The glittering phalanx; let thy ear drink in
The trumpet's thrilling voice, the clang, the shout
That from the battle rises when the strife
Most highly rages; place before thy soul
The brave of other days, who led the fight
Beneath the pressure of the habergeon,
The cuirass, and the helm; for whom the voice
Of all their country raised the choral song.
Nor him forget, Tydides, whose bold spear, [a]
Red with immortal blood, back to her skies
Wounded and screaming drove the Queen of Love.

[a] Ενθ' επορεξαμενος μεγαθυμυ Τυδεος υἱος
Ακρην υτασε χειρα μεταλμενος οξεϊ χαληῳ
Αϛληχρην· ειθαρ δε δορυ χροος αντετορησεν
Αμϛροσιυ δια πεπλυ, ὁν οἱ Χαρῖτες καμον αυται,
Πρυμνον ὑπερ θεναρος· ῥεε δ' αμϛροτον αἱμὰ θεοιο,
Ιχωρ, οἱοσπερ τε ῥεει μακαρεσσι θεοισιν·
* * * * * *
Ἡ δε μεγα ϊαχυσα απο ἑο καϛϛαλεν υἱον.

ILIAD V.

Then if bright Honour on her craggy seat
Aloft displays unveiled her radiant face,
And beckons to advance, undaunted then
Attempt the dangerous enterprise, and climb
The rugged heights to grasp the rich reward.

A

COMPARISON.

A COMPARISON.

WHILE ambling wits in courtly phrase
Bedeck poor Woman with vain praise,
Without variety prolong
Their aye-encomiastic song,
While they the sex at once exalt
To perfect creatures, all sans fault,
And bid their perfumed flatteries rise
Till choaked by fumes, poor Reason dies,
Dear Will! let you and I explore
That surly page of ancient lore
In which the blunt Naumachian lay
Holds every error up to day;
Nor spares one vice, though every grace
Adorns its fair possessor's face.
And some like-honest bard (but who
I cannot swear or say I know)

Sings, " *Woman is most like the Moon ;*"
And though I wish not to lampoon
The fairest part of the creation,
Much though I hate all defamation,
Dear Will, in justice I must own
That some resemblance may be shown.
I whisper this when I survey
The fashionables of the day,
Whom modes and varied whims have led,
In that rank hot-house, custom, bred.

And to begin.....We know her light
The Moon ne'er gives but in the night,
And that her ladyship doth cover
Her face up when the night is over;
So modern Madams ne'er display
Their beauties to the eye of day,
But sleep till, laid in Thetis' lap,
Dan Phœbus takes his wonted nap:
When Night puts on her sable clout,
Forth rush the dames to ball or rout,
To put reports in circulation,
Or way-lay a friend's reputation,
To give a pointed zest to slander,
And kill with ill-affected candour.

Again....'Tis seldom that we see
The Sun and Moon in company ;

Yet, if the Moon stays out 'till morn,
She meets the Sun at her return,
Vouchsafes a nod, with " how d'ye do ?
Good b'ye, my dear ! adieu ! adieu !"
And when his godship in the sea,
His whiskers dips, her jubilee
Is just to flirt it for an hour
In her Endymion's private bower.
If truth is truth, and must come out,
I think, friend Will, there's little doubt
That in this point court-wives outvie
Their prototype in knavery ;
For who the court-wife can discover
That is contented by one lover ?
Or who can show the modish couple
Of which the weaker branch will scruple
To drug with opium spousey's posset,
Lest he should hear her swain i'the' closet ?

Then....'tis poetically known,
That the Moon's rays are not her own,
And should the Sun refuse to furnish
Her periwig (the beams that garnish
Her ladyship's celestial pate),
Darkness must be her certain fate ;
Thus too it is whenever strife
Arises in the marriage life ;

For should the husband then think proper
In Madam's gay career to stop her,
Let him but for awhile deny
The sources of her finery,
And instantly a dark eclipse
The dame of all her splendour strips.

When spleen or sullenness in clouds
The smiles and rosy dimples shrouds,
'Tis just as when thick burs bedim
The Moon, or halos round her swim;
And Woman's dark 'till better humour,
'Till smiles and cheerfulness relume her.

The Moon, unless she is belied,
Possesses some small share of pride;
'Tis said that she has no aversion
From worshipping her own sweet person,
So takes some horse-pond as a glass,
Narcissus-like, to view her face.
And fashionable nymphs, we see,
Are not less prone to vanity,
And seek to place the Loves and Graces
Not in their minds but in their faces,
Supposing, there can be no doubt,
Men judge the inside by the out;

Or that they think there is connexion
Between the heart and the complexion.
If not, how is't that ladies pass
So many hours before the glass,
With paint and patches make alliance,
And set plain Nature at defiance?

And if the Moon delights to shine
More bright for Master Maskelyne,
Or if, when Herschel upward slopes
His wonder-working telescopes,
To mark a freckle on her face,
Or search where small-pox leaves a trace,
When Shroeter's vulgar calculation
Would ascertain her perspiration,
She bids the clouds o'the' sudden whisk
Their shadowy veils before her disk;
Our modern belles are seen just so,
By pocket-telescope of beau;
Alike they court the' applauding eye,
Or shun severer scrutiny.

'T has long been thought the Moon maintains
Dominion over madmen's brains,
And, as she's in the humour, cleanses
Or fouls the cistern of their senses:

So 'tis that Woman sometimes can
Or fool or madman make of man,
Rouze him to deeds of desperation,
Or throw cold water on his passion.

Who is so blind as not to see
And note the Moon's inconstancy?
Who, in like manner, cannot find
The fickleness of Woman's mind?

The Moon and that brisk hunting dame [a],
Are one, and wear one common name;
And every wight that's dubbed a poet,
From Homer to 'squire Penn must know it:
And surely our comparison
In this point may run glibly on,
For who in Dian does not see
Thy pattern, buxom S....l....sb....ry,
Whose prowess rails and gates o'ercomes,
As well as whippers-in and grooms.

If 'tis not false what poets sing
That Luna drives along her ring
With four in hand, we need but add
The name of gallant Lady L....de,

[a] Diana.

Who, as she deftly cracks her thong,
And dashes though the gaping throng,
May help our lagging strain along;
Nor need we sing the Lady's skill
The kidneys of her steeds to thrill,
And whistle on them, when she pleases,
The comforts of a diurèsis.

But in one point we must demonstrate,
Our simile does not go on straight;
For 'tis well known the Moon adorns
No husband's forehead with her horns;
Then gentle Master Charles declare
Why you the burthen choose to bear,
Why on thy unsuspecting pate
Did Lady M.....y lay that weight?
Is't that in Dian's horns we see
An emblem of her chastity?
Is't that thy *thus far* modest spouse
Transferred that symbol to thy brows,
Thinking it better thou shouldst bear it,
since she has lost her right to wear it?

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Tal verita non richiede ne operazioni di calcolo ne speculazioni metafisiche; basta consultarne il proprio cuore.

DRAGONETTI.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Oh ye with Virtue's deathless roses crowned,
Yet unseduced by Pleasure's fatal wiles;
Whom ease, whom affluence, and peace surround,
Who bask, unknown to pain, in Fortune's smiles!

Let not the pride that conscious worth imparts
Too fiercely triumph o'er Misfortune's child,
Whom practised Vice, with toils and oft-tried arts,
Of Innocence and Honour hath beguiled.

Ye who 'midst groves and peaceful shades pursue
The calm and even tenor of your way,
Know ye with what fell wiles the Siren crew,
The fiends of pleasure, study to betray?

Oh were their honied treacheries but known!
Not always would their victims meet your scorn;
Not always would your swelling hearts disdain
The sigh of pity for a mind forlorn.

And some there are whom now, though sunny skies
Gild with unchanging splendour, whom though flowers
Of thornless bliss encompass, while life flies,
In scenes of joy o'er which no tempest lowers,

Yet know they, by some dear escape well taught,
How hard it is to walk the perilous way,
With seeming bliss and deadly pleasures fraught,
Where Ruin lurks, close ambushed, for his prey.

Shall these then, all forgetful of the wiles
Themselves have learned, yet hardly learned, to shun,
Go forth elate, and turn with scornful smiles
From the poor wretch by villany undone!

If such there are, so lost to generous shame,
If thus with savage pride their bosoms swell,
If those who from the fight with danger came
Exult o'er one that in the conflict fell;

Shame be their fated portion; may they drain
Down to the deepest dregs the cup of woe;
Long may their hearts be schooled in grief and pain,
Till, from their own, another's pangs they know!

Oh, Charity! our first best pride; assigned
The surest aid to which the wretched fly;
Whose holy influence softens the rude mind,
And man to man unites with happiest tie!

How blest are they who, touched by thy mild beam,
A brother's faults with pitying eyes behold,
Who spurn not those whom Pleasure's eddying stream
Hath born from Virtue's long-regretted fold!

Oft from Remorse, from Sorrow's bitter pangs,
Thy hand hath rescued one whom the hard world,
Heedless of deep contrition, or the fangs
Of Vice, and Horror, and Despair hath hurled.

Where but with thee, when anguish tears the mind,
When on the soul the scorpion Conscience feeds,
Where shall the undone mourner hope to find
The healing balm her wounded spirit needs?

When Pride, when Scorn, and Mockery assail,
When Shame, when Infamy, and Want surround,
When thoughts of darkness o'er the mind prevail,
Where, but with thee, shall long-sought Peace
be found?

Ye who lie lapt in downy ease and pride,
Scoff not at this my seeming idle strain;
Nor yet the moral of my verse deride,
A little while from ridicule refrain.

Short is the time since, blest in Virtue's bloom,
A beauteous maid by Cherwell's margin strayed;
Peace crowned her hours; no dark no chilling
gloom
Rose o'er her morn of life with envious shade;

Hers was the charm from Music's power that flows,
Hers was divinest Poesy's free strain,
The soul sincere, the ardent mind, that glows
With others' joys, that feels another's pain.

How blest the youth whose fond hopes might aspire
To call this bright perfection all his own!
Oh, how accurst if his unhallowed fire
Could breathe a wish that Virtue might disown!

Yet one there was, whose proud hopes might aspire
To call this bright perfection all his own;
One too, who, burning with unhallowed fire,
Could form a wish that Virtue might disown.

Her aged parents saw the growing flame,
Saw, and approved, unheeding, and secure;
What now is wanting but the bridal name
To crown with bliss a love so seeming pure?

Fair Maid! the bridal name shall soon be thine,
Soon holiest ties shall bind the mutual vow;
Soon the companions of thy youth shall twine
The promised wreath to deck thy polished brow.

But whence, fair Maid, that clouded front, that sigh,
Ah, whence those tears, that look so fraught with woe?
What power hath quenched the lustre of thine eye,
And banished from thy cheek its wonted glow?

Fled is the Maid.....O'er Charwell's willowy edge
Curl the grey mists of eve....And now the blast
Sweeps o'er the stream, and shakes the tossing sedge,
And o'er the waters Night's dark veil hath passed.

Whose was that mournful voice that with the gale
Mingled its loud lament? that faint and low

Now breathes again in murmurs, like the wail
Of some poor wretch that moans foredone with woe!

What is yon form on which a transient gleam
Shines faintly, gleaming through the gloom of night?
Now all is dark....and now the moon's full beam
Clothes it in all the lustre of soft light.

I see a female form....her robe is white,
Her robe, her tresses tremble in the gale;
Wildly she waves her white arm to the night,
The moon-beam dwells upon her face so pale.

Is that the maid who, blest in Virtue's bloom,
Who, blest in peace, by Cherwell's margin strayed?
Is that the maid for whom no chilling gloom
Rose o'er her morn of life with envious shade?

And hark! "Ah, wretch!" she cries, "to peace how lost!
Ruined, undone, from every pleasure torn,
Thou curse to those dear friends who prized thee most,
How canst thou meet their eyes, how meet their scorn!

Where canst thou shun the penetrating eye!
Where shun the blaze of guilt-exposing day!
How shield thee from impending misery,
Bereft of Innocence's cheering ray!

How was I wont to hail the breezy morn,
How swelled my heart when Nature's countless charms
Spoke to my soul! Ah, then no rankling thorn
Tortured my breast; my soul had no alarms.

But now I fly to night's congenial shades,
To hide my shame, my sorrows from the light;
Yet Shame pursues me through the darkest glades,
And Conscience sleeps not in the thickest night.

I think each passing breeze repeats my name;
And hark! the boding night-bird screams aloud;
His voice is terror. Oh how guilt and shame
Shrink from each breeze, and fear each passing cloud!

And thou, oh faithless! couldst thou talk of truth,
Of love, of faith, and flatter to destroy;
And couldst thou rob my unsuspecting youth
Of honour, peace, and each attendant joy!

I knelt....A parent spurned me from his feet,
And drove me forth to want and infamy....
I merit this....but not that thou shouldst treat
With scorn that wretch whose fault was love of thee.

The night-blast howls.....Onward the black clouds roll,
Darkening the moon-beam with their sullen gloom;
These horrors suit the temper of my soul....
Faithless, adieu! I find a watery tomb."

'Tis still as Death....But hark! the sounding stream
Gives token where she plunged...Dimly descried,
On the dark wave with faint and transient gleam
Sparkles the foam; then still the waters glide.

THE

FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

DEDICATED TO ALL ADMIRERS OF THE FAMILIAR STYLE OF TALE-WRITING, SO POPULAR IN 1800.

THE

FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

THE morn was fair, and fresh the breeze
That curled the waters as it blew,
When up rose Basil with the larks,
On the broad wave his slender bark
He launched, and o'er the crisp wave flew.

He sung and trimmed his little sail,
He plied his oar both fast and strong;
And soon there came a sweeping gale,
It came, it filled his little sail,
And swiftly flew the boat along.

Then o'er the lake he steered, to gain
The creek upon the southern side;
And on that side his nets he cast,
For there, defended from the blast,
He thought his boat might safely ride.

But who is she in Basil's cot
Who sits so sad with folded arms,
Who from the window now looks out,
Now paces all the room about,
Whose face is full of her alarms?

And who but Rachel may it be?
Who may it be but Basil's wife?
The winds her cottage window shake,
Loud howls the storm along the lake,
And Rachel fears for Basil's life.

And now she calls her little child,
She calls her little daughter Jane;
And "haste thee," cries she, "to the lake;
And round thee thy close kirtle take,
For fast drives down the pelting rain.....

Oh haste thee, daughter, to the lake,
And look around if thou canst spy
Thy father's sail upon the wave;
And stand beneath the arching cave,
For there the bank is safe though high.

But, Jane, I charge thee, do not climb
That crag which hangs above the lake;
That rock is straight, its verge is steep,
The waters all beneath are deep;
Jane, go not thither for my sake."

Now Jane is gone to look around
If she her father's sail may spy;
And all alone her mother sits,
And looks around, and starts by fits,
As howls the tempest through the sky.

Then Rachel at her loom sat down,
Her solitary task to ply;
But soon she started from the loom,
And, restless, paced about the room,
And looked abroad with anxious eye.

Strange sounds, the creatures of her fears,
Swelled every rising gust of wind;
And in the roaring tempest's breath
She seemed to hear the voice of Death,
And strongest terrors shook her mind.

And Rachel long remained alone,
With fear, suspense, and anguish wild;
And as the painful moments flew,
Her fears with every moment grew,
Nor yet returned her darling child.

"Ah, wretch! in such a storm as this
Why sent I forth my little Jane?
Loud, loud and fearful is the blast,
And keen and cold; and driving fast,
And pelting hard descends the rain.

What if her heedless feet should stray
Towards the steep rock's slippery verge!
What if, bewildered with affright,
My darling from that dreadful height
Should fall into the heaving surge!"

Thus felt the mother; and these thoughts
Almost to madness fired her brain;
Her fears poor Rachel would have hushed,
But loud they cried, and forth she rushed
Amid the storm to seek her Jane.

Scarce did she breathe as on she ran,
And down the cottage path she flew;
And now through mingling mist and rain
She sees her little darling Jane,
And tears of joy her cheek bedew.

And now she is with her, and now
She throws her arms the child around,
Now runs on that side, now on this,
And Rachel in her present bliss
Forgets that Basil is not found.

"Where hast thou been, my darling Jane?
Hast thou looked o'er the lake, to spy
Thy father's sail upon the wave?
Hast thou stood near the arching cave,
There, where the bank is safe though high?"

Then thus made answer little Jane,
" Oh mother, on that little mound
I stood, close by the arching cave,
I saw the dashing of the wave,
It foamed and raged as I looked round ;

I held me by the rock and looked,
Nothing but water could I see,
Cold in my face did come the blast,
And in my eyes the rain so fast
Was driven, it almost blinded me.

And now they to the cottage come,
And Jane before the fire is placed ;
Now Rachel's joy is calmer grown,
She muses....Now her joy is flown,
By all her former terrors chased.

The little Jane looked up, she turned
Up to her mother's face her look ;
And, while her mother sighed and wept,
Close to her side her darling crept,
Still looking up, her hand she took.

" Mother, dear mother! cease to weep!
My father will return anon,
At eve he'll come: beyond the lake
He waits secure, or else to take
His fish to market he is gone." [a]

Oh, comfort is a blessed thing!
It falls upon the mind like dew;
This simple speech of little Jane
Gave peace to Rachel's tortured brain,
And bade her smile serene anew.

Now less the tempest raged; yet still
The winds sighed on with sinking sound;
And now behind the waving wood
The angry sun went down like blood,
And threw a dismal gleam around.

And now behind the waving wood
At length expire his last red rays;
And bright the crackling faggots burn
For Basil when he shall return;
His cottage glows with cheerful blaze.

[a] The simplicity of that most simple of all poets, Mr. Wordsworth himself, is scarcely more simple than the language of this stanza. Absit invidia dicto.

" Oh, Mother !" said the anxious Jane,
" He surely will return ere long....
Yes ; soon my father I shall see,
And, while he smiles, upon his knee
I'll sit, and sing my artless song."

Now Rachel talks in cheerful guise,
And smiles, her little child to cheer,
Yet at each sound she turns her head,
And hopes she hears her husband's tread,
She struggles hardly with her fears.

'Tis dark, and still no Basil comes,
How fares the wretched Rachel now !
How may she cheer her drooping child !
(Herself with dread and anguish wild)
How may she smile ! give comfort how !

Around her child her arms she threw,
Her warm tears on her child's face dropped ;
And close she strained her to her breast,
Her voice by anguish was supprest,
Her breath by rising sobs was stopped.

At length...." Oh, Basil! wast thou here!
Wast thou but here!" at length she cried,
" Oh might I hear thy feet once more
Approaching to thy cottage door,
Or see thee sitting by my side!

Oh couldst thou hear me! but thy ears
Perhaps are deaf to human cry.
E'en now, while thus I sit and weep,
O'er thee some whelming wave may sweep,
And cold and breathless thou may'st lie.

Perhaps, thy little boat o'erset,
E'en now thou strivest with the wave:
Thou may'st be struggling near the rock
Where the steep banks thy efforts mock,
Where still some friendly hand might save."

As real Rachel's terrors paint
The thoughts that flit across her brain:
No force might hold her, forth she springs;
Those thoughts of horror lend her wings;
Alone she leaves her little Jane.

Down to the lake she goes....The wind
Yet murmurs though the storm is o'er.
Sounds of strange import swell the breeze,
As wild it murmurs through the trees,
Still the subsiding waters roar.

Thick clouds sail sullenly along;
And how may Rachel keep her way!
Unless some star with faint green light
Shines glimmering through the gloomy night,
Or the moon lends a transient ray.

Thick clouds sail on....On Rachel goes;
Nothing may turn her from her way;
Whether 'tis dark, or with green light
Some dim star glimmers through the night,
Or the moon lends a transient ray.

Up springs a breeze; the clouds sail on,
Fast o'er the face of heaven they fly,
Swiftly they fly, and bright and clear
Between the sparkling stars appear;
The shining moon looks from the sky.

And who is she that on the rock
With hurrying pace runs to and fro?
And now she stands, fixed in one spot;
And o'er the lake her eye is shot,[a]
Her face the moon-beams plainly show.

What may it be that rocks, and heaves
With gulphing sound? It holds her eye....
Is that her Basil's shattered boat?
Are those his oars that near it float?
If not, ah why that piercing cry?

Heard you that shriek? heard you that plunge?
Heard you?....And yet you could not save!
And when the morrow's sun shall gleam,
Shall the first form that meets his beam
Be Rachel breathless on the wave!

Long, long the little Jane may sit
And listen at the cottage door;
She shall but hear the night-wind's sigh,
She shall but hear the owlet's cry,
Or distant torrent's sullen roar.

a Why not shoot, as well as "dart," according to Milton, or "hurl" an eye, according to Cowley?

Long may she for her father look,
And long her mother hope to see;
But all that meets her longing sight
Shall be some star's pale glimmering light,
Or half-seen shape of waving tree.

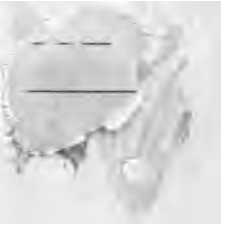
THE

NORWEGIAN HUNTER.

WHERE no warm breeze e'er bade to flow
The heights of Dofrine's stubborn snow,
Where scarce a sun-beam cheers the day,
The hardy hunter seeks his prey.
While round his pine-built cabin roars
Each storm that varying winter pours,
He, fearless, from the mountain's brow
Or makes the clouds that roll below,
Or lists the din of storms that beat
With ceaseless rage beneath his feet.

But oft from some projecting steep
The' impetuous winds long-sapping sweep
A waste of snow.....With thundering bound
Down rushes fast the gathering mound,

O'er crags, o'er pines it drives amain
With hideous crash, and whelms the plain.

The Hunter only 'scapes....his way
He took at early dawn of day,
Braved the keen blast and drifting snow,
To chase the elk or bounding roe....
At eve, fatigued, he quits the plain,
And seeks his peaceful cot again;
Bethinks him of the fire that burns
To cheer his home when he returns;
Anticipates his children's smiles,
His wife's caresses; and beguiles
With soothing thoughts his dreary way.
The toils, the pleasures of the day
Already he prepares to tell
To those with whom his rapt thoughts dwell;
Already he in thought beholds
The cot that all his treasure holds,
And thinks he sees his children raise
Their little hands, he sees them gaze
With wonder on the beamy horn,
From the elk's lofty forehead torn.
.....Ah wretch! no more thy eyes shall s
Thy much loved cot....No more for thee

At eve the cheerful fire shall burn
To welcome thee at thy return....
Ah, wretch! for thee no more the smile
Of thy dear children shall beguile
The tedious hours, nor shall the care
Of thy fond wife again prepare
The simple meal, nor o'er thy bed
The soft fur of the rein-deer spread.....
All that was lovely to thine eyes
O'erwhelmed in one sad ruin lies;
And oft, in midnight's awful gloom,
When thou revolv'st their early doom,
Thy fears shall bid before thine eyes
Spirits of other worlds arise;
And voices as of those so dear
Shall shriek upon thy startled ear.